THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

APRIL 1, 1808.

DIVERSIONS OF PURLEY.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * MY friend Roland instantly slipped off his shoes and *culottes*, and bade me do the same. "We shall put them on again," said he, "when we have entered the temple. It is only a form, observed upon entrance, to persuade the vulgar that we despise luxury, and wish every thing to be reduced to a state of nature. You will find that not even the high priest himself has the least objection to *culottes*, or any other luxury, as long as those who assist at his DIVERSIONS will provide them for him."

The door was presently opened. Roland pronounced a short, but expressive, word, which, as I have not met with it in any classical author, I shall not set down. "Pass!" said the attendant: he left us, we put on our clothes again, and entered the *sanctum sanctorum*.

There were about fifteen or sixteen persons present, all talking together, so loudly and so earnestly, that our entrance was unobserved; and as I wished rather to be a

spectator than to join in the diversions, I requested my friend Roland that we might stand aloof, and not discover ourselves.

The party was seated at a long table, upon which was placed a *plaster of Paris* figure of the goddess of REASON, with a *phallus* in one hand, and the other holding a spear, surmounted by a red cap. Round the base of the pedestal, upon which the figure stood, stagnated the mingled streams of wine and porter, and bottles full of these pure elements, half empty mugs, and broken glasses covered the table and floor in jovial confusion. Among these were scattered books of various descriptions; the records of the CORRESPONDING SOCIETY; trials of TRAITORS; large quartos containing the birth, parentage, and adventures of *political adverbs* and *prepositions*; Diderot, Voltaire, and Tom Paine; Crazy Tales, Cleland, and P.* Knight's Worship of the God of Gardens.

My friend pointed out to me the high priest; I might not otherwise have known him, for there was nothing about him to distinguish him from the rest: equality in every respect being here studiously affected. He wore, as well as several others, a sort of red cap; and I could not but observe a peculiar expression of malignant cunning and sensuality that marked his features. He was teaching a tall silly looking lad, who, I understood, was known among the order by the name of St. Francis, to read in the HORN-BOOK. The priest pronounced the letters as he pointed them out, and the young fellow repeated after him pretty distinctly,—D, R, O, I, T, S. When he had gotten the letters by heart, the priest taught him to pronounce them, and then proceeded to explain the meaning of the word. "*Droits*," said he, "are rights. You remember I have told you there is a difference between rights and wrongs. Now if a man takes my *droits*, that

* For an account of the import of this letter, see PURSUITS of LITERATURE, Parts I. and II.

is, my *rights*, from me, he does wrong. It is the same as if any one should take your purse out of your pocket, and put it into his own."

He accompanied this illustration with an "action suited to the word;" but I did not perceive that he returned St. Francis *his* purse, after it had served this purpose. So that I conclude he regulated his conduct by the wise maxim which says, that the experience which is bought is best, and was aware that his doctrines would make the deeper impression the higher they were paid for.

"You comprehend," said the priest.

"Yes," replied his pupil, "I comprehend; when *you* take my purse out of my pocket that is *right;* when any one else takes it out that is *wrong*."

Near them, at one end of the table, sat two barristers in *brotherly* converse. I observed that one of them drank only from one bottle, of which no other person partook. My friend Roland whispered me that this was the ESSENCE of ALGERNON, a *composition* of the barrister's own, of which he was extremely fond: but in making the *extract*, he had somehow omitted to put in any spice; and it was so flat and insipid that he could persuade no one else to taste it. The other had a savage expression of countenance that reminded me strongly of Shakspeare's "bloody CLIFFORD;" a picture of whom, about to murder the infant son of York, I remember to have seen in the Shakspeare Gallery. He was jeering his learned brother on his having lately entered into the holy bands of wedlock, and asked him if he hoped to escape from all its honours SCOT-free. The new-married citizen snuffled an answer, and they soon fell naturally into a learned discussion of the law of libels and treason; and began arguing over again FLOWER's case, and the state trials at Maidstone: but as this was a subject uninteresting to me, I turned from them to attend to the rest of the party.

At their feet lay one drunk or asleep; but as his face was turned from us my friend Roland could not tell who he was: from his figure, however, he believed him to be a distinguished officer he had seen in Egypt. Under the other end of the table, flat on his back, snored an Irish pleader, who had been drinking whiskey till it streamed from his nostrils. In another part were two philosophers roaring a drunken song, while they reeled in "tipsy dance;" and, though scarce able to stand, attempted to practise some *French steps*. Another bacchanal, in volunteer regimentals, took up a pewter pot full of BROWN stout, and clapping it upside down upon the head of a sleeping *brewer*, swore, as the liquor streamed down his face, that TIM was now *in his own element*. I asked the name of this military hero. "You have heard," said Roland, "of the famous Roman, who was called the *thunderbolt* of war; our volunteer colonel has acquired a title equally appropriate, taken, I suppose, from the principal engine of modern warfare, he is called Don Cannon.

"And who is that purple-faced little fellow," said I, "next to the brewer; he with the bottle and glass in his hand?"

"Oh, nobody of any consequence," replied Roland; he is the only brother of St. Francis. But you perceive he is cheering that strange looking animal that has just mounted on the table."

"And who, in the devil's name, may he be?" demanded I.

"The most conceited coxcomb living," replied Roland. "Some years ago the vain fool published a parcel of trash, which he entitled 'MY OWN LIFE;' as if it were of the least importance to any except those who feed and clothe him, to know that such a thing had ever had existence. You see that he now wears a cassock, but the

harlequin's jacket peeps from beneath. In fact he is now a parson, but he was once a strolling player; and plays and actors are still the chief objects of his worship. He chatters of them without ceasing, at all times, and whatever may be the subject. In some barn or other he has formerly played with the present monarch of the stage; and he imagines that he derives importance from speaking of him as his familiar intimate. You see that he is now putting himself into the attitude of this actor in Rolla, with a poker for his sword, and a cat for the child of Cora."

"He observes us," said I.

"Oh, no," replied Roland, "he sees us not. One of his eyes, indeed, may appear to be fixed on us, for they never look the same way at once. While one looks EAST,* the other is turned towards any other point of the compass: but whichever way they look, they have both his own interest always in view."

While my friend spoke, the attitude of the *divine* actor was rather discomposed by the violence of a gigantic Scotch chief, who was disputing with an officer upon some warlike topic. The *Major* referred to his MILITARY DICTIONARY to decide the point; but the brawny chieftain appealed from the authority, and in the vehemence of his argument struck the table so violently that it shivered to pieces beneath his giant fist.

I expressed surprise at this instance of strength; but my friend told me it was nothing extraordinary, for there was scarce a door in his uncle's house that did not bear similar evidence of the prowess of the *lord of the isles*.

* We have some doubts about the orthography of this word; and question whether it would not be proper to use, in this place at least the mode of spelling we have found in some *black letter* books, viz. ESTE.

"The uncle I speak of," continued Roland, "is that hoary-headed drivelling old fellow, who sits there with the miniature *guillotine* before him. He is a good deal humoured and flattered by most that you see here; for they feed at his table every day: though they all laugh at him behind his back. The smooth-faced youth who sits next him is a brother of the new-married barrister at the other end of the table; he is a great favourite of the old fellow's, who uses him as a sort of walking stick; and from the circumstance of their being so frequently seen together, some have taken occasion to call them HOB and NOB."

"And the slim young man who stands next them, with a tuck stick in his hand?" said I—

"He is a WARD—I mean a nephew, of the old man's," replied Roland; "but what the devil are they about?"

"Why they mean to guillotine that dog."

I perceived indeed that they were proceeding to do so. They had got a fine large *bull-dog* upon the table that they had been patting, and caressing, and pampering with tit-bits, till the poor fellow seemed to think himself the happiest dog in the world. He lay perfectly still, only wagging his tail now and then to express his pleasure: his neck was under the axe of the guillotine; and the old fellow was on the point of letting it drop, when his nephew, impatient for mischief, pricked the dog behind with his tuck. The generous animal, indignant at the cowardly insult, instantly sprang up with a tremendous growl, and oversetting the guillotine, rushed furiously upon them. Instantly all was uproar. Every one hastened to escape from the enraged animal. Priest, soldiers, and philosophers, were all terrified alike. The *goddess* of *Reason* was thrown down in the confusion, and broken to pieces. The dog seized upon * * * * * * *

LITERARY OVERSEER OF THE POOR.

MR. SATIRIST,

I AM one of those overseers of the *poor* commonly called *critics;* and notwithstanding the deprecations of authors (especially poets) have always most conscientiously performed my duty, as laid down in the canons of criticism, which bid me consider every one amenable to the penalties of the vagrant act who cannot prove Parnassus to be his parish. It is surprising the number of sturdy rogues I have lashed at Thespis' cart tail, and the multitude of impostors and pickpockets I have prevented from preying on the public. Many

> "A parson much bemused with beer,
> A maudlin poetess, or rhyming peer,"

have I committed to the house of *correction;* but, alas! it is lamentable to see how hardened in error these miserable creatures are. I generally consider them in the light of drunkards made tipsy by the raw spirit of the Muses; reeling in ode, or sleeping in elegy; and therefore, following the laudable example of my brothers of the civil power, content myself with throwing them into the *black hole*—of oblivion. Yet notwithstanding this vigilance, such is the prevalence of folly, that the poetical police is totally unable to keep order. Plagiaries stalk about with the utmost effrontery, who, to conceal their theft, murder the poor author they filch from. Indeed many make no scruple of affirming they aim at the heart; but one would think these determined dogs had studied under Moliere's Mock Doctor; for instead of touching the heart, they only raise the *spleen*. Some (like the Mohocks of old) go about scaring women and children, telling horrible stories and marvellous dreams; but it is said these fellows

are only agents of the tallow-chandlers, who are endeavouring (through the well known principle of fear) to frighten people from ever being in darkness, and to my knowledge they have greatly promoted the sale of rush-lights. Others again collect crowds round them by singing drunken and obscene ballads, which (as is naturally to be expected) the vulgar herd applaud, and puff the pimp into a poet. It would be an endless task to enumerate the literary felons who swarm in every quarter. In such contempt do they hold our authority, that they laugh at the hue and cry we raise after them; and you shall even see a fellow look a critic calmly in the face that would tremble at the sight of a taylor. Now, Mr. Satirist, since you have come forward—*fasces* in hand—and appear to have some influence in the literary world, I earnestly entreat you will aid the constituted authorities in putting the laws of Nature, Poetry, and the Drama, in execution, and clear the town of the numerous poetical pickpockets and impudent impostors who infest it.

Your obedient,

ANTHONY ARISTARCHUS.

Critic's Corner, Chapter Coffee-house,
March 3, 1808,

COURT OF CH*NC*RY.

[See the Times Newspaper for Wednesday, March 9, 1808.]

"Consedere duces."

THE lawyers sat down; straight Lord St*nh*pe appear'd
Erect on his pins, and implor'd to be heard:

" Allow me, your Honour, a favour to night,
I humbly conceive it an Englishman's right.
Were *property* solely at stake in this cause,
I'd bow to these learned discussors of laws;
But *honour* may suffer, and, when reputation
Is question'd, it calls for our own vindication.
" I learnt MAGNA CHARTA (and what not?) by heart;
Yet do not desire me to reason with art.
I'll read an epistle I sent Mr. M**,
November the twenty-sixth, all in a hurry."
[A letter was read, that in very strong words
Detail'd the disputes of a couple of lords.]
" My son and his cronies have caught an alarm:
So, craftily swearing they meant me no harm,
They sue for a compromise;—shallow pretence!
Their CHARGE they proclaim'd, I proclaim my DEFENCE.
" My boy, when a minor, egregiously blunder'd,
Demanding an *income* of four or five hundred;
With *freedom* to frolic wherever he chose—
I felt it my duty both claims to oppose.
Soon after, he left my paternal domain
Till of age; but, your Honour, I scorn to complain:
I scorn it—alas! from the hour of my birth
I've prov'd the most injur'd meek mortal on earth.
" Four daring attempts have been made on my life,
But surely for ONE my child's years were not rife;
His parricide blows, indeed, *now* I receive,
And, trust me, in honour I inwardly grieve.
" I taught him his duty to God and his king,
(For precept and practice are not the same thing);
And though the new ethics of France I admir'd,
That he should adopt them I never desir'd.
How could I expect such domestic distress,
Whose schemes philosophic my countrymen bless?

'Twas *I*—only *I*—who the secret found out,
That vessels should always have gills, *like a trout.*
Nor are my inventions confin'd to aquatics:
I've prov'd that a man may apply mathematics
With wonderful ease to the tuning *pianos*,
And make their tones smooth as Italian sopranos:
And booksellers, printers, and devils confess
My skill in the making of *ink*, *type*, and *press*.
Oh, could I invent some mechanical plan
To manage my son, that mistaken young man,
Who treats with contempt every sage *proposition*,
And wants *dull accounts* from a mathematician;
Who, when I'm *extracting some root*, comes to me,
And swears I've *extracted the root*—of *a tree*.
By the *powers*—of the lever, the *pulley*, and screw,
I'd *raise* him as *high*—as the *pillar at Kew!*"

THIRD LETTER OF FLAGELANTUS.

SIR,

It may sometimes happen, that I may seem to deviate into subjects not precisely consistent with the signature by which this correspondence is distinguished: but that signature includes, in the mind of the writer who assumes it, an unlimited expanse of observation; while it lashes the bad of every description with just severity, it holds up the good of every character to the warmest applause: I wish this to be considered as the definition of the name I have adopted. I am not, therefore, a suppliant to the Satirist for a mere poetical licence, but I apply to him with becoming confidence, for a grant to exercise the freedom of the literary charter in all its branches. In the spirit

of this, I may, at one time assert the moral censor, at another the patriot politician; yet so far from any thing I may offer to your acceptance in these characters, being a trespass on the thoughts of your other friends, even on similar topics, I am not without hope, that either as an ally, or a volunteer, I may promote the great cause in which you are engaged, and in which you cannot have a more cordial well-wisher than Flagelantus.

As I sit down to address you a third time, after a pause which indisposition had produced, a train of popular absurdities, follies and affectations personified, seem to be struggling for precedence.

These candidates for distinction deserve equally the discipline of the Satirist: in him, each shall, I trust, receive his reward. But, so far as respects Flagelantus, they must all stand over to future opportunities, when triflers can be exalted to the honor of analysis and exposure. The pedantries of a player, the extortions of a songstress, the impertinence of a taleboy of the town, the saucy nonchalance of a man of the world, and the contradictions of a trading critic, are as straws and feathers in the scale of human affairs, when weighed against the higher interests of society.

The nearest and dearest of those interests, Sir, are now at stake. They come to me, as I contemplate them, under the most awful appearance: they seem to *embody* on my imagination, and as the advanced commanding figure approaches, the whole grasp of my soul is filled as I step forward to embrace it. You will join the virtuous enthusiasm as I name BRITANNIA. In mental vision she is this moment before me. Her supplicating eyes and unsubdued arms are raised towards Heaven, at once to invoke the power, and confide in the protection of the God of armies!

If this be the language of a rhapsodist, it is that of a

patriot also, and a sincere devotion to MY COUNTRY inspires it. Nor do I think, Sir, you are of a disposition to offer any thing which might "freeze this genial current of the soul;" it is consistent with the principles on which your journal is conducted; and you will meet, with an equal fervor of purest zeal, whatever has a tendency to dignify and defend your native land. Mr. Satirist, her defence and dignity lie in a very narrow compass, and may be expressed in one short sentence; which, to render it more impressive, shall be borrowed from one of its best and greatest, yet most lamented, defenders—It is, and ought to be expected, (said the immortal Nelson) that "EVERY MAN DO HIS DUTY." Let every individual act upon this principle; let each man look on himself as an important link rivetted to the more than golden, the *glorious* chain that binds him to the community and the country: that chain of unanimity, Sir, which, as a cestus of love, of loyalty, and of natural affection, girds and embraces the whole empire—and we are not only secure but triumphant: we shall be *monarch of the land* as well as *sovereign of the sea*. A poetical image, furnished by the Monarch of the Muses, goes so powerfully to this, that I will quote it in illustration:

> "Now all the youth of England are on fire,
> And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
> Now thrive the armourers, and HONOUR's thought,
> Reigns solely in the breast of every man."

UNANIMITY, in promotion of a righteous cause, love of a noble country—that country, our own *natural* land, abounding in honorable minds—THE isle wherein we were born, nurtured, fed, taught our first liberalising sentiments, imbibed our first expanding principles, contracted our first love, entered upon our first awful duties, in the relative, sacred, and endearing characters of husbands, wives

parents, and children: cultivated our holiest friendship, and devoted ourselves to our sublime religion:—Unanimity, to strengthen and invigorate these, is the ONE THING NEEDFUL. In support of this, we should join hand and heart; every man who has an arm should use some weapon of defence, the eloquent voice, the animating pen, the protecting sword. It is not now a time for Englishmen to indulge the heats of political debate, to emulate each other in a jealous display of oratorical talent, like gladiators, who waste their strength and their ability in idle dexterity: it is not now a time for dividing the country into parties; it is the crisis at which there should be no parties, no factions. These should all be extinguished as an insignificant blaze, that may attract in the hour of general tranquillity, and even of ordinary war; they might divert a British House of Parliament, when the times admit of declamation, wit, and brilliant sallies, as bonfires on holidays may be allowed to fill up the vacation of scholastic disputants in the day of academic attack and defence. But now, Sir, it is the CAUSE OF THE EMPIRE—an empire, founded on great and glorious principles by the forefathers of the island; since contended for inch by inch, sealed by the blood of successive heroes, and established by a phalanx of the brave, the loyal, and the good. The order of the day, the month, the year, is now the *reverse* of terror. In despite of the gigantic advances of the most successful foe, and *his* friend, perhaps the subtlest enemy England ever had to encounter; even now, that their joint efforts, the dark arch-policy of the one, conducting the determined arm and perturbed spirit of the other, till thrones and dominions that had stood the storms of time, and repelled all the covert stratagems and avowed force of war for many centuries, are transferred to a devouring conqueror; when mimic sceptres, mock monarchies, and baby diadems, are insidi-

ously given, and contemptibly received in their stead. Yes, Sir, even now, that the insatiate wolf of France has in a manner desolated the land, and dares the water, an element ever inauspicious to his tribe, we are less apprehensive of the efforts of his menace, when his *rapacities* (I will not call them *victories*) had invested him with less means to be formidable. Two grand causes have led to this. The character of the man is better understood, and the "*nests* of hollow bosoms are destroyed." The birds of passage and of prey that were sent into this country, are returned from whence they came. The cajolery, which has been practised with so much success on the continent, has been tried here with no slight dexterity; but the trick is become stale; the hug of confraternity is now proved to be as the gripe of the tiger, the smile of alliance as the whitened sepulchre, and the offer of the olive-branch, from time to time, accompanying a fallacious flag of truce, as arrant a stroke of policy to keep the cheated vassals in good humour, and keep up the popularity of the tyrant, as ever was practised, by a thorough-paid actor, by what are called the claptraps of a theatre. Deceptions, often repeated, become systematic; a series of discoveries converts the whole into ridicule, and buries the projector in the downfal of the airy castle he has raised. Truly, in the present case, may we say, the "*cloud*-capt towers and gorgeous palaces" held out by Bonaparte in his LAND OF PROMISE, are dissolved, and leave not a wreck behind.

The *spirit* of union, seems to rise like the phœnix out of the ashes of discord; and the very arts which at first dazzled and seduced us from ourselves, being now clearly developed, and their interests defined, we turn indignant on our deceiver, mock at his defiance, or laugh it to scorn. We were *never* treacherous, we were betrayed, and lured away for a while by the serpent wiles of the

traitors, who were not of the growth of our own generous soil, but degenerate in plants of foreign importation. In their own country, they throve even to rankness; and, like other noxious weeds, overshadowed, till at length they choaked up, empoisoned, and erased, whatever was most fair, noble, and not in the land. Here they shot up indeed for a time, but could not long prosper. The clime was ungenial; they soon perished root and branch: and while, in other countries, they talked of the tree of liberty, in this only has it flourished unimpaired and undecayed. Accursed be the felon hand which would rob it of one sacred leaf: and blessed with the choicest indulgencies of heaven, the man who rallies round its standard, like a guardian angel, to preserve it from violation, and defend it from the concealed or open machinations of the spoiler!

It may be argued that there are still amongst us some who have been corrupted by these agents of the grand tempter. This must be admitted; for a horrible political contagion brought into a country commonly leaves, like other plagues, some taint behind. Among individuals even a general purification has taken place in men's minds and understandings. But the epidemy of equality, and the brain-fever of liberty, is wonderfully abated in this country, since the pestiferous *effects* have been seen, felt, and understood in every other land, where the proper remedies were not timely applied: or, where the maladies have been suffered to take their course, to the ravage of the nations where they were cherished or neglected. The tears of one kingdom, the beggary of another, the profoundest self-condemnation of a third, the blushes of a fourth, and the absolute annihilation of a fifth, confirm every data of what I have said:

"Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last is strongest."

No, Sir, we are now almost of one colour, and *that* the

most durable—TRUE BLUE, Mr. Satirist; and, as to the SEAS, permit me to adopt the patriot, no less than poetical, sentiment of an amiable relative and friend, who, under the chaste and interesting veil with which *real* genius, always delicate and timid, often shades its name though not its lustre, has glowingly described the triumph of those SEAS, in the following *original* verses.

Whilst dark Napoleon with ensanguin'd sway
Bids the awed world his proud behests obey;
BRITAIN alone, at this eventful hour,
Still hurls defiance at his giant power;
To patriot virtue true, supports her throne,
Sees others crushed--yet *dares protect her own.*
O'er *her*, in vain, he apes th' imperial nod;
Proudly she stands, and holds th' avenging rod,
Bids SUBJECT SEAS her just dominion know,
And with Cerulean wand repels the foe;
Sends forth her dauntless sons on bold emprize,
Defeats his plans, and *all his kings* defies.
Hails her new year; nor fears her smiling land
Shall own the sceptre of an alien hand,
But views, while conquer'd states *their* crowns resign,
" O'ER FREEDOM'S BROW HER STAR OF GLORY SHINE.

TO JOURNEYMEN ESQUIRES.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

WANTED, in the above line, a clever hand at forging scandal; one, who can furbish up old slander according to the present fashion, and has no objection to do whatever dirty work may be required of him. He must understand something of swindling, and be thoroughly versed in the art of lying. One, who has received his education in St. Giles's, has graduated in Newgate, and

improved himself by travels to Botany Bay, would be preferred. The shorter his nose, and the more callous his breech the more convenient; as it is probable, these parts will frequently be applied to by the fingers and feet of those, with whom he will have to deal. If he has been accustomed to stand in the pillory, and has left his ears there, it will be an additional recommendation, as he will be better qualified by experience in that case, to do his employer credit, when he is put there upon his account. In the course of his business, he will be introduced to the discarded servants of noblemen and gentlemen: he must, therefore, be thoroughly acquainted with the etiquette of these circles, that he may know how to behave with becoming respect and decorum. He will be better able to do this, if he has passed a *Summer at Brighton* and *Winter in Dublin*; if he knows something of *Barouche Driving* and the *Faro Table*, and can join in a conversation about *Infidelity*.

It is requested that no one will apply, who does not, in every respect, answer the above description: and, to prevent trouble, the following statement of terms is subjoined, by which it will be seen, that a most eligible opportunity now offers to Esquires of talent and spirit of obtaining an honourable and liberal establishment. Besides the money he will have an opportunity of picking up for doing odd jobs in the over-hours, the Esquire will be found in *board*, *lodging*, *clothes*, and *washing*. He will be allowed half a flock-bed in the best back attic, the other half being occupied by the shop-boy, and only a few fowls kept in the room besides. A good table kept, and the Squire will be allowed as many potatoes as he can eat: when there happens to be a leg or neck of mutton, he will be expected to prefer always the flap of one and the scrag end of the other. After dinner, if he should be desired to remain as a butt for the wit of the company, when the gin passes round,

he must remember that gin always disagrees with him, and that he likes small beer much better. One shirt a week will be found him: if he requires frills, he must have them got up at his own expence. It will be more agreeable for himself, if he is rather under size, as the cast-off cloths of his employer, which he is to wear, will, in that case, fit him the better. No character will be required; but a month's trial will be expected. Enquire personally, or by letter *post-paid*, at the PATENT LIBEL MANUFACTORY, *Wigmore Street*.

POST-CRIPT. An *Esquire* of the above description can be admitted to this desirable situation immediately; as CHARLES SEDLEY, the late *Esquire*, has been discharged from his employment, having been rendered completely *impotent* by the magical *influence* of a certain MONTHLY METEOR.

N. B. A *Serjeant at Law*, a D. D. and an *officer on half pay* also wanted; character of no consequence.

C.

A CHARACTER.

No. VII.

See yon pert Lordling, whose o'erweening pride,
By love of *all the talents* drawn aside,
Joins in the hungry miscreants' selfish aim
To blast the hopes of Briton's martial fame,
Heedless if England's glory, rise or fall,
Intent alone on lucre's sacred call,
Their hope to share in some ill fated hour,
The tempting plunder of her wealth and power.

Misguided youth, thinkst thou yon wily knave
To lust of gold alone devoted slave,
Who every party, every plan has tried,
Turning, as interest turns, th' uncertain tide.
Yon porcupine who shoots his poisonous quills,
As avarice points, or wild ambition wills;
Thinkst thou thy favor or thy gold can bribe
This venal leader of the scribbling tribe,
To spare thy name, who in one fleeting hour,
The tool of faction or the slave of power,
Now trumpets forth the right divine of kings,
Now broods o'er anarchy with fostering wings.
And shall a reptile race like this aspire,
To check the avenging bolts of Britain's ire?
Alas! when proudly to the fav'ring gales,
The gallant navy spreads its swelling sails,
Mean though it be, the lurking worm beneath,
Plies the vile labor of insidious death.
When with exulting voice and sounding thong,
Urges the charioteer his steeds along,
The vilest heap that mud and offal rear,
May clog the wheels and stop the swift career;
O'er the smooth sod of fam'd Newmarket's plain,
With zeal where emulative coursers strain,
Leaving the winds behind with eager speed,
The plodding packhorse may the course impede,
Or crossing asses check the generous steed:
So folly, vice, and infamy combin'd,
May mar the efforts of the patriot mind.

SPECIMEN OF A PROSPECTUS;
OR
THE ART OF SWINDLING.

MR. SATIRIST,

To you, who take so great an interest in all that tends to the instruction and improvement of the community, and to increase the literary fame of the nation, it must no doubt be highly gratifying to contemplate the new and splendid *prospecti*, which are daily disclosed, of regions of science and of taste about to be explored by our illustrious literary adventurers: designs equally creditable to the enterprizing spirit of those who undertake them, as to the munificent liberality of the people, by whom they are encouraged. These views, indeed, or PROSPECTUSES, to use the technical phrase, afford the plainest evidence that can be produced of the superior genius, taste, and science, of the present age; for though they represent, with no less fidelity than modesty, the character of the works to which they relate, it would frequently happen, that the merit of the works themselves would never be discovered, if they were not displayed in such strong colors, and so striking a point of view by the Prospectus. At the same time too, that they convince us that such a race of authors as the present never before existed, and that their works must be invaluable, these Prospectuses serve as a sort of table to shew our rapid and progressive improvement: for whether it be only of a * newspaper, or a splendid five guinea quarto to be com-

* One new weekly newspaper, to which the editor candidly puts his name, is brought forward as the result of his practical experience in the *world of letters* for nearly two-thirds of his life, and promises, to be a 'FOCUS OF ORIGINAL LITERATURE.' The EXAMINER *promises* nothing, but hopes to be found to perform more than was ever done before. The "NATIONAL REGISTER is unequalled in design, arrangement, and execution; and unparalleled in the annals of literature."

pleted in about forty volumes, the work which they announce, is always declared to be superior to any of the kind ever before published: and as every day produces some PHŒNIX of this sort, surpassing all others in perfection, it should seem that the extremest bounds of *perfectibility* must soon be attained.

But, among all the wonderful works of science, which the editors of these Prospectuses promise us, it may reasonably excite our admiration, that they have not presented us with any treatise upon the ART OF SWINDLING; since it is impossible to doubt their acquaintance with the science, or their capacity to illustrate it in a familiar and practical manner: and, upon a subject of such general interest, a work, undertaken and conducted upon a liberal and extensive plan, could not fail to become popular. For since swinding is practised by all ranks of the community, from those, who, by a false shew of patriotism and boast of talent, would swindle the people out of their good opinion and support, down to the tricking book-vamper, who, by a catching title affixed to some stale trash, swindles them of their money, there can be little doubt but that all would be ready to refine and methodize their practice by a luminous and well digested theory.

To decide this desideratum in literature, I beg leave to offer to the public, though the medium of your popular publication, a prospectus of an original and extensive work on this interesting science. In drawing it up, I have followed as models, as they happen to be at hand, the Prospectus of Mr. PINKERTON'S GENERAL COLLECTION OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS, and that of The BRITISH GALLERY OF PICTURES, by *W. Y. Otley, F.S.A.* and *Henry Tresham, Esq. R.A.*; and have taken also a few hints from Mr. *Nicholson's* Prospectus of the NEW BRITISH ENCYCLOPÆDIA. So entirely, indeed, have I conformed myself to the excellent specimen which they

exhibit of the Prospectus style, that I have not ventured to introduce in the Prospectus of the ART OF SWINDLING a single expression which is not sanctioned by their high authority.

I am, with the greatest respect, yours,

PROSPECTUS ROW, RETROSPECT.
March 3, 1808.

On the — day of —— will be published, in 4to., to be continued Monthly, Part I. price 2*l.* 2*s.* of a new and splendid Work, to be entitled,

THE ART OF SWINDLING.

Forming a complete history of the art from the earliest ages to the present time, with the most recent discoveries: together with the lives of the most notorious professors.

By the celebrated

G. BARRINGTON, ESQ. F.S.S. AND B.B.P.*

With an introduction on the art of picking pockets,

BY BILL SOAMES, ESQ. P.P.S.*

The whole illustrated and adorned with numerous engravings, to be designed and executed by the most distinguished artists.

CONDITIONS.

I. The Work will be printed on a beautiful paper made expressly for it, in a new and most elegant type: and in order to insure a superior style in the execution, the price agreed for the printing will be nearly *six* times the usual charge!

II. The work, it is expected, will be completed in *twenty* or *thirty* volumes.

* For the instruction of the unlearned reader it may be necessary to explain these letters of honor. F.S.S. denotes, *Fellow of the Society of Swindlers*; B.B.P. *Botany Bay Professor*; P.P.S. *President of the Pickpocket Society.*

III. A part, or quarter of a volume, price two guineas, will be published on the first day of every month.

IV. About *five hundred* PROOF impressions of the plates will be taken off on India paper. Price, each number, from three guineas to six.

PROSPECTUS.

It may be confidently asserted, that at this period no country in Europe contains so many distinguished swindlers as Great Britain: nor is there any in which their accomplishments are more intensely felt, or more judiciously appreciated. To display the various practices of all of those in a grand NATIONAL WORK, however desirable to the lovers of the art, is a task beyond the limits of possibility, as long as private opulence and security continue to be the happy results of public peculation. This consideration might be sufficient to damp the boldest ardour of enterprize; but convinced as they are, that the superior knowledge possessed by the moderns above the ancients, must be attributed to the enlarged prospects of the world afforded by the exploratory enterprise, the editors of this Prospectus are determined to persevere, till they have surmounted *impossibilities*, and to afford the example of a work which may be truly termed NATIONAL; in which a truly scientific plan shall be combined with a merit of execution conformable to the literary taste and splendor of the present age.

Impressed with these considerations, and animated by the hope of liberal encouragement from a discerning and enlightened public, the editor of this prospectus had long revolved the design of such a work. The novelty and merit of the system pursued by the late notorious Mr. Barrington in his predatory career, induced them to think of that gentleman, as his pursuits united with the mechanical dexterity of his art, seemed particularly to

qualify him for such an undertaking. Even while detained in Botany Bay, they knew that he was occupied with a plan of this very description; nor were they surprized upon his death to learn that he had even digested the plan of a grand work of this nature, had arranged a great quantity of his materials, and proceeded a considerable way in the execution: and they deem themselves peculiarly fortunate in having been able to procure, though at a very great expence, his invaluable manuscript.

The work will derive further advantage from the acknowledged acuteness and professional talents of a celebrated son of Mars: we may therefore expect to find speculative reasoning combined with practical experience; a thorough knowledge of the science of swindling; freedom of opinion, and short propriety of language.*

To give birth to a publication with the promise of excellence in all its parts, requires abilities superior to those which publishers have hitherto thought proper to call into exertion: such, however, will be called forth; and it is the ambition of the proprietors to bring to a completion their engagements with the public, before that lassitude shall supervene, which is the never-failing attendant on long protracted expectation.

After various deliberate consultations between the proprietors, the editor, and the principal gentlemen, who have engaged in the different departments; having employed the present year in digesting the plan, establishing correspondences, investigating the various sources of information, and settling the order and disposition of the materials, already in forwardness, the proprietors are enabled to disclose their views, and address the public with the full confidence of encouragement.

* The *cant* and *flash* language is here intended.

The SELECT BIOGRAPHY of eminent swindlers will form part of our plan, and will be executed in such a manner, as shall display not only the ordinary course of their lives, but their peculiar talents and characters, as well as the nature and spirit of the actions to which they are indebted for their notoriety.

The practical arts will in particular be the subjects of unusual diligence, and will be elucidated by drawings, which no expence shall be spared to procure. With the plates will be given descriptive elucidations of the peculiar excellences of each particular mode of swindling, together with historical anecdotes, forming, as it were, the *pedigree** of the mode.

In exhibiting this *Prospectus*, no uncertain lights are held out, nor is the votary of the art solicited to embark on a voyage of discovery. The persons engaged in the conduct of the work have long been distinguished as the most eminent professors of the science.

Depending on the intrinsic merit and originality of their design, the proprietors cheerfully enter the field of emulation; and are emboldened to hope, that the public encouragement will animate them to persevere with animating zeal, to the completion of an undertaking which, they flatter themselves, will merit the approbation of every lover and judge of the art.

It only remains for the publishers to add, that they will spare no expence in printing and embellishing this proposed publication, so as to render it at least not unworthy of the first *commercial* country in the world, and the unrivalled superiority of British swindlers.

* It is impossibie to imitate the spirit of the expression in Squire Ottley and Tresham's Prospectus. They talk of historical anecdotes forming the PEDIGREE *of the picture!* The ancestors, the good old mammas and papas, and grandams of oil and canvass! But this is "perspicuity of language."

THE LOITERER.

No. IV.

It has been said, and repeated a hundred times, that happiness is to be found only in the practice of virtue: where most virtue is, therefore, there will be most happiness. This is a plain and evident truth, or there is no truth in logic. How much then are we indebted to those, who, uniting their talents, their authority, and example to effect the SUPPRESSION OF VICE, strive to remove the only obstacle that opposes our attainment of perfect felicity. What their particular notions respecting vice and virtue may be, is not either necessary or proper to inquire, though some undoubtedly have entertained very narrow and bigoted opinions on these subjects; but it would be requiting the philanthropy of these public censors with ingratitude and disrespect, to doubt for a moment the justice and liberality of their construction.

The object that they have in view is certainly the most desirable that can be imagined, and as it is one that requires no common skill or knowledge of human nature to accomplish, we ought not to be surprized, if the means proposed to effect it, should appear extraordinary. Should they even seem to us trifling and absurd, it will be more modest and becoming in us to doubt the correctness of our own judgment, than to suppose that they, who have taken upon themselves the solemn office of PUBLIC CENSORS, can err on the very points of which they profess themselves the best, if not the only judges. The seeds of vice are imperceptible to common eyes; they exist where they would be least suspected, and when once they have taken root, spread with the most baneful and fatal rapidity. Determined, however, to destroy the root itself, the PUBLIC CENSORS begin with the smallest and remotest fibres: trifles, that had escaped the observation

of our most enlightened moralists are, very properly, the objects to which they direct their attention. Laying it down as a maxim, that the slightest breach of religious duty is sure to lead to impiety and crime, they very naturally conclude, that the man, who, upon a sabbath, will sell a halfpenny worth of snuff, or can coolly sit down to dinner after the hour of one be past, is in a fair way of becoming an atheist, and will soon contemplate the commission of sacrilege itself without horror: and that he, who gives himself up to an irreverent mode of speaking, and, as if his existence was in his own hands, exclaims, upon the slightest occasion, "I'll be *hanged* then," prophecies most probably the end that awaits him.

The labours of those, who seriously devote themselves to the correction and punishment of such instances of immorality as these, cannot but excite our highest admiration. It is only to be lamented that their power is more circumscribed than their desires; for it is impossible to doubt, if they were at liberty to carry into effect all their plans and regulations, that we should be the best regulated, or, to use a more appropriate term, the best *methodised* nation in *Christendom*.

There are some things, however, which seem particularly to fall within their province, and which, though a great deal has been said on the subject, they have not hitherto done much to reform. It has been observed that nothing has a greater influence on the manners of a people, than the conduct of its women: now since the present style of female dress has been so frequently reprobated as a violation of modesty and public decorum, this surely was a subject, which called for their most serious attention. Dress, indeed, is an object of no small moment in a moral or political point of view. Various governments have found it necessary, at different times, to make regulations in the national costume; and an order of our celebrated virgin Queen upon this subject, might serve as a

sort of guide upon the present occasion. We find in Stowe, speaking of the early part of queen Elizabeth's reign, the following curious passage: "Shortly after began long tucks and long rapiers, and he was held the greatest gallant that had the deepest *ruffe* and longest *rapier*: the offence to the eye of [by] the one, and the hurt unto the life of the subject that came by the other, caused her majesty to make proclamation against them both, and to place selected *grave citizens* at every gate to *cut the ruffes*, and *break the rapiers points* of all passengers that exceeded a yeard in length of their rapiers, and a nayle of a yeard in depth of their ruffes." This wise order no doubt produced the desired effect; and if a certain number of the members of the *society for the suppression of vice*, or any *grave* old women they might think proper to appoint, regularly supplied with a sufficient quantity of large thick muslin handkerchiefs and stout quilted petticoats, were to be stationed at the corner of our fashionable streets, with orders to intercept all dashing *nudes*, to cut away their thin and wanton attire, and to apparel them soberly, in the said thick muslin handkerchiefs and stout quilted petticoats, there can be no doubt that such a regulation would be attended with consequences of no common description: and while the bodily and spiritual health of the individual would be improved, the eye of the public would no longer be offended by exhibitions, which excite unseemly thoughts, and divert the mind from the contemplation of subjects of a graver and more hallowed import.

This regulation carried into effect, would naturally lead to the adoption of one of a similar nature, the clothing of all naked figures in painting and sculpture. It would not cost much, to contract with a clever house-painter by the foot, to paint a neat pannel*

* Such things have been done in the days of bigotry.

over all the Gods and Goddesses of Titian and Corregio; and, at a very small expence to the funds of the society, the Venus de Medicis might be provided with a stuff coat and jacket, and the Apollo Belvidere with a fustian pair of breeches.

But nothing calls more loudly for reform, than the flagrant immorality which is daily practised in the open streets. As the spring now advances, you may see on the roof of every house, nay, frequently in your very footpath, pairs of impudent wanton sparrows, billing and fondling with as little shame or restraint, as they would in the solitude of a farm-yard. Surely this is too offensive to modesty to be endured in a well regulated society; the practice might easily be suppressed by employing good marksmen to parade the streets with cross-bows, for the purpose of shooting all such sparrows as shall be detected in such practices. There would be good reason for this too on another account. The witty STERNE remarks, that the grave and learned BEVORISKIUS, in his "Commentary upon the Generations from Adam" very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note, to give an account to the world of a couple of sparrows upon the out-edge of his window, who had incommoded him all the time he wrote; and at last had entirely taken him off from his genealogy; and it is ten to one if he resumed the same train of ideas which such a sight must have interrupted. Now if ever modern authors are subject to such interruptions, it accounts very naturally for the little intelligence or connection to be found in their works. The literary reputation of the country is at stake therefore, while a sparrow is suffered to exist.

The religious improvement of the lower order of the community, who, as the nerves and sinews of a political body, ought always to be principal objects of consideration, has however been carefully attended to in an order,

which is meant to regulate their conduct on the sabbath: The sale of all provisions, on that day, being strictly prohibited, many are consequently obliged to fast; which is undoubtedly extremely proper, since it would be going in the very teeth of the commandment to set their jaws to work on a Sunday, when it is notorious that they are at rest almost every other day in the week. But perhaps it had been better to have ordained a general and direct fast at once, that, as we passed a baker's shop at the hour of one, we might not have been tempted by the savoury steams that issue thence at that appointed hour, to think upon the things of this world: and it is seriously to be lamented, that profane old apple-women should at such a time be permitted to stimulate the appetite of youth, by exposing at every corner their tempting commodities: this is a circumstance, which those, who have taken upon themselves to regulate these important matters, will do well to notice.

I have heard of a man, whose conduct in this respect, as there was something in it singularly conscientious, deserves to be recorded as a striking example to others. He was a dealer in pigs, and had a very considerable piggery, where he fed and fattened them according to the most improved system of fatting recommended by the agricultural society. But he had a nice conscience; and after long and deep reflection, and devout consultation with the *minister of the chapel* to which he belonged, it was agreed that the appetite of his swinish multitude ought not to be pampered on the Sabbath, as the feeding of them was certainly labour or work, which by the letter of the law was strictly forbidden. The next Sunday, therefore, the pigs were left to fast: but they made such a diabolical squeaking and grunting, that the whole neighbourhood was in an uproar. They complained that their devotions were disturbed, and the harmony of their *love-feasts* interrupted. Our conscientious feeder of pigs

was affected by the remonstrance, but he was determined not to be clamoured out of his resolution by the irreverent throats of his pigs. Accordingly, on the next Saturday evening, with the assistance of his servants, he tied up all their muzzles so completely, that they could not have uttered a single note if they had give their ears to do so. *Catalani* herself could not be more mute if requested to sing for nothing. On the next day not a squeak or grunt was heard; and on the Monday morning every pig that was not suffocated was found dead of the *wind-cholic*.

C.

A MODERN PLURALIST.

MR. SATIRIST, *Jan.* 1808.

AFTER the dinner ordinary at Hereford races, two years ago, a doctor in divinity, very early in the evening, gave "*a sentiment*," as he termed it, of such a gross nature as to call forth the general reprehension of the company. It was of so unseemly a description that I cannot possibly offer it for your insertion. The majority of the company were loud in their marks of disapprobation; and the *reverend* doctor was compelled to say he was sorry for having given them offence. He did this with a very bad grace, expressive of his reluctance to acknowledge an error; and, to complete the whole, he called his eldest son, a lad about seventeen years of age, to his side, and placing his hand upon the youth's head (very probably in mockery of the ceremony of confirmation), pronounced the following horrible imprecation:

"*I* have just now made an apology; but, *my boy*, if *you* ever make an apology, *may G— A—— d—— your soul to all eternity!* —— —— !!!"

That *any* man, however base in birth, in education, in feeling, or in understanding, should be an ear and an eye witness to such a transaction, without holding this *doctor of divinity* in positive abhorrence, at that moment, and for ever after, will hardly admit of credit: but, Mr. Satirist, where shall I find language to impress belief upon your readers, that an *ignoble* being, not a thousand degrees removed from the premier Duke of England, and who was one of the party present at this shocking scene—will my simple declaration be received, that a personage of such a description has seized the first occasion to bestow a very valuable living on this identical miscreant?

And is it of such vile stuff as *this* that our pluralists and dignitarians are composed? Is the foulest obscenity, are the most hideous imprecations, recommendatory for clerical fortune and honours? And shall we continue in amazement at seeing such *divines* deserted by their congregations? No, Sir. It is better to attend a poor enfrenzied cobler, thumping and roaring in a tub, than to afford the slightest countenance to wretches whose character and behaviour mark them as objects far more deserving of the pillory and the hangman's stripes, than of the sacred pulpit or the doctor's hood.

"Bold Satirist," I call on you to publish this! It is no libel. The facts are well known to hundreds, as perfectly as to your friend

MELANCTHON.

AN ADDRESS TO ENGLISHMEN.

NATIVES of Britain! sons of gallant sires,
Your country's cause your gen'rous aid requires.
Ascend with me to contemplation's heights,
Britain demands it, and the Muse invites.

Of each foul prejudice your hearts divest,
Let native reason rule, alone, the breast.
She, gentle monitress, or fans or tames
Dull Apathy's faint spark, or Zeal's intemp'rate flames.
Each meaner thought shut out; with suited awe,
Plain facts survey, and just conclusions draw.
Lo! where, with rapid stride, proud Gallia's bands,
With fire and carnage waste the neighb'ring lands:
Inflexible alike to friends or foes,
Force conquers these, and fraud prevails o'er those;
Treaties, submissions, plead alike in vain,
All must submit, and wear her galling chain.
Oppressed Iberia and Batavia, long
Have groaned beneath the haughty tyrant's wrong;
Helvetia's hills, Italia's kindlier soil,
Still bear the vestiges of recent spoil;
Whilst sunken states are well content to *buy*
A transient peace—with lasting infamy!
But see, where Britain, 'midst the coward world,
Still bears the crimson flag of war unfurl'd;
Her vengeful sword, which genuine justice draws,
Of Europe and mankind asserts the cause:
Great in herself—amidst a world in arms
She stands unmov'd, nor dreads their vain alarms.
Her wooden castles, tow'ring o'er the main,
To empty threats the crafty foe restrain;
To these, beneath a ruling Providence,
She looks, with conscious pride, for her defence,—
Nor looks in vain—their thund'ring cannons' roar
Strikes shiv'ring terror through each hostile shore;
The mangled remnants of whose batter'd fleets,
(Still crazy with the shocks of late defeats,)
Lie far within their friendly shelt'ring ports,
Chained to the rocks, and guarded by the forts!

So, when the king of beasts, with ruffled mane,
Stalks from his den, and scours th' affrighted plain,
Each forest freebooter, with inward dread,
In darkling covert hides his daunted head.
Britain! thou mighty empress of the main!
Can aught of earthly pow'r thy glory stain?
Yes; FACTION'S BAND, to shame and honour blind,
'Spite of the execrations of mankind,
To each wild chimera their service lend,
And censure what they cannot comprehend:
And like fierce wolves, whom watchful dogs restrain,
They bark the more, because they bark in vain.
Britons! of such, of such alone, beware,
The fiend of England lurks in ambush *there!*
When subtle foxes of their virtues preach,
Place all *temptations* far beyond their reach;
When philosophic cats bestow advice,
Watch well their *talents** in experienced mice;
When weeping crocodiles bemoan their prey,
Ye helpless trav'llers at a distance stay;
Degraded France may vaunt, and rage, and boast,
And line, with plund'ring hordes, her servile coast:
Vain is her rage, and impotent her foam,—
Britain! thy greater foes are nearer home!
But heed them not; with retrospective glance
In native guilt bid recent scenes advance;
Think on the horrors of that awful day,
When, in the plenitude of haughty sway,
Their impious hands attempted to pull down
The sacred ch—h, and curb the virtuous cr—n!

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

* Certainly this is an error of the press,—a sort of *typographic* LAPSUS LINGUÆ. *Talons* undoubtedly is the correct reading.

Be this great truth on ev'ry heart impress'd,
UNITED BRITAIN NOTHING CAN MOLEST!
Wherever rolls a navigable tide,
There her proud fleets in conscious triumph ride;
At home, ability and honour stand,
To guard the throne, the church, the state, the land.
Then shun the factious brood; of *them* beware;—
Britons! the hidden enemy is there!
So shall proud France, with all her abject crew,
To you for peace, and ev'ry blessing, sue;
And Britain's glory, with unfading rays,
Shine as the sun in his meridian blaze!

CAMBRIDGE RHETORIC.

It is so long since we were at Cambridge ourselves, that we confess we are unable to comprehend many of our friend Tim's *fashionable* expressions. We hope therefore that he, or some of his brother collegians, will favour us with an explanation.

For Mr. Satirist,

Coll.—Cant. March 1808.

OLD KNOWING ONE,

As my horses are under Jack Sparrow's hands, and your humble servant under old H——d's, damnably ill with the Barnwell ague, and—which is the cursedest bore—being forced to sport a *nescio* at old port, Since I can neither crack whips nor bottles, by Jupiter I'll crack a joke, and write to you. But first of all—(though, damme, I hate method) let me tell you, a set of us Cantab bloods,

who quiz all star-gazers and prosers, never fail to take a squint at your *Meteor* once a month. By Jupiter, you're a rare one! Hang me, you bring down the game like an old sportsman! Your slaps at the *broad bottoms* are cursedly smart, and you dish the raff like a soph, by G—. Keep it a going, my buck!—touch 'em up in the raw!—crack your cat-o'nine-tails, and spin along with spirit. We're devilish glad, old Momus, you're driving our way: we have some of the cursedest quizzes, dammo, Simeonites, Maudlins, Apollos, planet-peerers, reading-men, and tutors. Smoke 'em, damme, smoke 'em; and if you do, here are twenty of us—all roaring boys—

"Who cram not our attics
With dry mathematics,—"

have sworn to toast you in a copus of claret. So, damme, no more from

TIM. TANDEM.

WORTHY SIR,

I HAVE deduced much pleasure from your acute publication, with the fame of which—"reboant sylvæ et magnus Olympus." I assure you, Sir, yours is the only modern work I have admitted in the circle of my reading; and I frequently solace myself after an equation or theorem in your enlivening company—"pallentes radere mores doctus, et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo." You fully demonstrate the folly and ignorance of the moderns, with whom, thank Heaven! I am very little acquainted. —"O curvæ in terris animæ et cœlestium (sc. veterum) inanes!"—I am happy, my good Sir, that you have turned your eyes upon this celebrated seat of learning, which alas! "proh scelus" there is too much latitude for the flourishing your ferula. The shades of Academus are become the groves of Comus. I beseech you—"jam vitulos hor-

tare." You will, no doubt, be thanked by the caput for castigating the centaurs, term-trotters, dormice, empty bottles, wooden spoons, apostles, plucked geese, and the numerous *fungi monstrosi* with which this university abounds. I should add more, but having to dig an impossible root before I retire to bed, I must thus laconically subscribe myself your most obedient,

MATTHEW MATICS.

Cambridge, ½ March, 1808.

MR. BRANDON'S FALSEHOODS.

"I took by the throat the *circumcised* dog,
And smote him thus."—OTHELLO.

SINCE the day when they were so scattered abroad over the face of the earth to prey upon other nations, the Jews have been notorious for their contempt of truth, and their devotion to fraud and falsehood.

We have indeed some rare and splendid exceptions to this general rule; among whom the Messieurs Goldsmids are the most conspicuous, and if Isaac Brandon* had regulated his conduct according to such examples, instead of emulating the language and *propensities* of the little miscreant fruit-boys that infest the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, he would have escaped that chastisement which we are about to inflict, and not have been

* Mr. Brandon has, we understand, repeatedly declared, that although he was himself born a Jew, he detested the whole of his tribe. Pity it is that he should be so partial to their *characteristic virtues*.

in exposing his folly, and in punishing his delinquencies, we shall endeavour to restrain our indignation from betraying us into the use of any language unworthy our characters as gentlemen, although, to make ourselves understood and felt by the dull and degraded object of our animadversions, we may be compelled to adopt some few expressions and allusions not strictly conformable to the rules of polite literature.

Mr. Brandon's preface to K*is, in which we have counted more than a dozen falsehoods concerning the Satirist and its proprietors, is dated the 27th of Feb. Our 6th number, which contained some just but severe strictures on that wretched opera, was not published till four days after: our readers may therefore be surprised at this premature declaration of war against us; but we can easily account for the circumstance. Mr. Brandon *had ascertained* the fact that *our judgment* was not to be biased; he had artfully commissioned his emissaries to sound us on the subject, and he had learnt that no *considerations whatever* would induce us to betray our duty to the public: he was conscious that his opera deserved and would receive no mercy, and he therefore resolved to vilify the judge before his sentence was made public: we speak not from supposition, but from *ascertained facts*. One of the principal performers of Drury-lane Theatre generously interceded for him, and told us, that he (Brandon) was himself ashamed of his opera, begging at the same time that we would not criticise it with severity.

Mr. Brandon commences his Preface with a general thanksgiving, and then proceeds to abuse the dramatic critics of Bell's Messenger and the Examiner, gentlemen, hereafter pointed at by the finger of scorn, as a man convicted of base and premeditated falsehoods.

In holding up this miserable man to merited ridicule,

of whose judgment and sagacity we have, generally speaking, no very high opinion; but who, certainly, on that occasion, said no more than was just.

In speaking of the latter, he relates an anecdote,* which, *Barrabas* like, ("now Barrabas was a *robber*") he stole from the Satirist, yea verily from that very SATIRIST which ten lines afterwards he most vehemently abuses; we know he could have obtained it from no other source; he has, however, *characteristically clipt* our *sterling coin*, and we can assure him it will not pass current in the way he has ventured to offer it to the public.

Speaking of the Satirist, Mr. Brandon says, "The able Prologue and Mr. Colman's Address to Time, are the only things worthy of notice in the whole work." It is rather astonishing that the author of the able *prologue* should have produced nothing else worthy of notice, for he has positively written for the Satirist ever since. The fact is, the poor gentleman had read the same observations in a work (which is almost as stupid as if he had written it himself) called, "The SATIRIST SATIRISED," and being aware of the paucity of his own ideas, he thought it would save the little brain he possessed from the fatigue of invention, if he inserted them in his preface. Not contented with this, he advances the following untruth: "Every newspaper, by way of PUFF, had "Mr. Colman's Address to Time," from the Satirist."

That many of the papers did extract this, and that they have extracted some articles *out of every subsequent number of the Satirist* we admit; but they were wholly uninfluenced by us, and actuated by no other motive than the amusement of their readers, who had not the *same reasons*

* We believe the farce he alludes to was never offered for representation to any other person than Mr. Colman. Vide Satirist.

as Mr. Brandon for disapproving the contents of our publication.

For Mr. Brandon and his opinions we have the most thorough contempt; and did he know the names of those who are in the constant habit of contributing to the Satirist, (many of whose brows are covered with literary honors) he would blush at having betrayed such tasteless ignorance and presumption; but when he accuses us of obscenity; when he declares that in our *first number* we have written that which should induce fathers of families to kick our publication into the street; when he asserts the wilful and premeditated falsehoods, that the Satirist is a disgrace to literature, decency, and wit, we feel ourselves imperiously called upon, as the guardians, not only of our own, but of the reputations of those high and distinguished characters who have favoured us with their patronage and support, to refute his calumnies, and to expose his ungentlemanlike and disgraceful conduct. What must be the indignation of those who have read Mr. Brandon's printed abuse of the Satirist, when they are informed (and we pledge ourselves to prove what we assert) that, *subsequent* to the publication of our THIRD number, he not only expressed his admiration of the book, but actually treated FOR THE PURCHASE of a SHARE; which he was however refused. Mr. Brandon also offered to become a contributor to this *vile* publication, and actually sent by the hands of his nephew a long defence of Mr. Braham, against an attack that had been made by the editor of the Monthly Mirror, which the conductor (finding it as dull as KAIS) declined to insert, politely stating that it was too *long*: he might have said, "too *stupid*."* "Hinc prima mali labes." The *learned* Israelite

* As this *precious* defence, after having been revised by the editor, was published in the *British Press*, our readers may determine on the propriety of its rejection by the *Satirist*.

considered the return of this manuscript an unpardonable insult; with more *warmth* than *humanity* he consigned the poor gentleman who had rejected it to *damnation*, and indignantly desired that a BEAUTIFUL sonnet to a "*Cock Robin*," which he had also offered for the Satirist, and which, by the bye, would have been a *delicious morceau* for the *juvenile libraries*, might be instantly returned—"poor *little Isaac!*" what a *noble revenge!*

We defy Mr. Brandon, *bold as he is in falsehood*, to contradict any one of the above facts.

On perusing his preface, we instantly turned to the article in the *Satirist* which he impudently declares to be obscene, and we confidently appeal to the candour and good sense of our readers to declare if there is any thing therein which deserves such an epithet. If the *moral* Mr. Brandon thought the work so horrible, and the "*virtue-monger publishers*" (heaven only knows what the poor man means by this expression) "such men as BACON," (the devil surely put *Bacon* into the *Israelite's mouth*) "finely described by fellows who would set their neighbour's house on fire to roast their own egg;" how came he to be so anxious to become one of their number? And why was he desirous of purchasing a share of a work which, he says, "began to commit suicide the moment it was born? "Oh generous, disinterested Jew!!"

His *sublime* and *appropriate* comparison of the dancing-master, and his falsehoods relative to the *damnation* of a tragedy* which never experienced a single mark of disapprobation during its performance, are too contemptible to notice.

Mr. Brandon declares that he "writes not for *profit*." If he writes for *notoriety*, his wishes must be abundantly

* A few days ago, Mr. B. purchased a copy of this tragedy for the purpose (as he *elegantly* expressed himself to the bookseller) of "*munching* it."

fulfilled, for he will be henceforward distinguished as the most *notorious* BLOCK-HEAD, and the most impudent PERVERTER OF TRUTH that ever wielded the quill of a *kindred goose* *

That our readers may perceive we were actuated by the strictest impartiality and justice when we reprobated the opera of KAIS, we shall present them with a review of that *wonderful production* in our present number.

THE ORGAN-BLOWER.

A ROMANCE IN THE MODERN STYLE.

"Ex uno disce omnes."

CHILL blew the wind through the hollow vaults of the sepulchre of St. Ines Abbey, and at every step the bones of the dead cracked beneath their footsteps. The affrighted Seraphina would fain have retreated, but a frown from the bushy eyebrows of father Jeronymo as he trimmed the nearly-exhausted lamp, awed her into obedience. "Behold," said the friar, pointing to a range of coffins on the right, "in these portmanteaus, the bones of your ancestors, having performed their allotted pilgrimage, are packed. Unhappy maiden! driven by the incantations of Ashteroth to ask of the dead that information which the living deny thee." As he pronounced these words, Father Jeronymo drew from his bosom a small phial of phosphorus, to which he applied a match tipped with brimstone, and in an instant the vault was illuminated with a pale blue light. Then muttering some caba-

* As the editor of *the British Press* has been induced to insert Mr. Brandon's nonsensical defence of Mr. Braham, and to praise his opera, he will, doubtless, publish any scurrilous reply to the above observations which our little *Jewish* foe may, in the *plentitude* of his *wrath* and *folly*, think proper to write. We most anxiously hope he will renew the combat, and again expose his ignorance.

listical words to himself, and touching the coffin next to him with his crucifix, "Sir Hildebrand," cried he aloud, "I command thee, in the name of Saint Ursula and her seven imps, to inform thy descendant Seraphina, whether she is destined to be the bride of Sir Isidore of Croatia." The coffin lid heaved with a convulsive motion, and the words *abera quinbus* were heard from within; but no other sounds were uttered. The monk shook his head, and proceeded to the next: "Bridget," cried he, with a solemn voice, after repeating the same ceremonies; "Bridget, great aunt by the mother's side of him who now sleeps a perturbed spirit on thy right hand, I conjure thee, in the name of the spotless Saint Ursula, to inform thy great great niece Seraphina, whether she is destined to become the bride of Sir Isidore of Croatia." The coffin lid heaved, and a loud scolding noise was heard from within. Seraphina shuddered; and casting her eyes upwards, was appalled by the sight of two apes, sitting on a beam; "Be not alarmed, fair maiden," cried one of the apes, "we are harmless animals, led about in hell by your great great aunt." These words were scarcely uttered, when both of these prototypes of outward man leaped from the beam, and advancing to the coffin of the deceased Bridget, forcibly tore off the lid. Instantly the vault was shaken with thunder, and the body of the immaculate Bridget sat upright in its coffin, fresh as when alive, except that the head was now become a skeleton. A thick mist of a Trafalgar colour, spread itself around the vault, and from the tomb of Bridget these words were uttered: "Never shall Seraphina become the bride of Sir Isidore of Croatia, till the organ in the cathedral of Saint Ines shall cease its nocturnal melody." The two apes then leaped into the coffin, which sunk with a tremendous crash down to the Antipodes: Seraphina and the Monk were carried through the air by an invisible

power, and soon found themselves in the cathedral, at the feet of the statue of Saint Ursula.

The devoted nymph stood for a while in mute despair; then clasping her lilly hands together, and turning up her hazle eyes to heaven—"Wretch that I am!" said she, "then I too must lead apes in the dominions of Pluto: not marry till the organ in the cathedral of St Ines shall cease its nocturnal melody? that will never be. Too well knows my spiteful aunt, that the demon Dubbo each night takes his accursed seat in the organ loft, entrancing the inhabitants of Sponderlitz with more than mortal melody. O Isidore! Isidore! why was I born?" The unhappy damsel here wept aloud, until the compassionate beard of father Jeronymo was moistened with her tears.

Who can unfix the fixed decrees of fate? Can the feeble arm of man roll back the waters of Niagara, shake the Appenines, or uproot the solid Alps? Can the cup of horn, which moistens the lips of the faithful at the shrine of Loretto, contain at once all the waters of the Atlantic deep?—I should think not! * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Night now arose, and in an elegant posture threw her black velvet mantle, spangled with stars, across the firmament, when the despairing Sir Isidore prostrated himself before the statue of Saint Ursula. His cold steel armour grew colder with despair, and the ostrich feathers in his helmet drooped despondingly, like the weeping willow which overhangeth the waters of the Danube. Suddenly, the one hundred and twenty-seven tapers of the cathedral were illuminated, the beautiful statue descended from its pedestal, and walked a minuet with the astonished warrior, the tune of "Non nobis Domine" humming from her marble lips: he retired to bed, and in dreams was assured by an indubitable prognostic of his future happiness. In the morning, he saluted the good Sir Hubert and his

lovely daughter with a smiling countenance: "Egad," cried the knight, as he conveyed a spoonful of hasty pudding to his mouth, "I should not wonder if all turned out well yet: I say nothing; but mark what I do say—this night, the accursed fiend Dubbo shall be destroyed, and Seraphina shall be my bride." Imagine the delight of the worthy Palatine and his daughter at receiving this intelligence; it could only be equalled by their anxiety to see the prediction verified.

* * * * * * * *

Night now arose again, but in a different costume: she had discarded her black velvet mantle, and assumed a sort of grey pelisse with a moon depicted on the shoulder. The abbey bell tolled *one*, and the demon Dubbo took his appointed seat in the organ-loft. Sir Isidore buckled on his steel armour inlaid with gold; and the gentle Seraphina, as she rivetted his knee-pan with a sledge hammer, put up vows to all the tutelary saints for his safety and deliverance. The fiend played on the instrument, and the knight sang the following song in unison:

"Demon Dubbo, Demon Dubbo,
"Though thou art the devil's Cub o,
"Soon this fist thy back shall drub o'!"

The venerable Sir Hubert and his daughter did not long remain in suspense. Groans saluted their ears; they were the groans of disappointed malice. The demon essayed the keys of the instrument, and no sound was returned. Again his massy and herculean finger rested on B flat; The organ was mute. "Death and distraction!" cried the fiend, gnashing his teeth and biting the tip of his tail with rage, "I am undone!" maddening with fury, he struck his foot upon the floor; the timber gave way to the unequal force, and the clatter of a more than mortal hoof was heard on the pavement beneath. Instantly,

his form was dilated to an incredible size, his head burst through the roof of the chapel, and was lost in the clouds, his sable right hand eclipsing the moon. The earth rocked, the waves of the sea rose in tremendous billows, the air was rent with thunder, and the demon was lost in the flames of Mount Vesuvius.

Sir Isidore, breathless with haste, his sword red with blood, rushed into the court-yard, and folded his beloved Seraphina in his victorious arms. "Brave knight!" cried the Palatine, "my daughter is your's. But tell me, I conjure you, how did you contrive to vanquish the demon Dubbo, and still his nightly serenade? Didst thou slay him?" "No," answered the brave Sir Isidore; "I stole behind the organ, and slew—the *organ blower!!!*"

W——'S INTIRE,

OR

ALL BUT PATRIOTISM.

TO THE TUNE OF "ST. GEORGE HE WAS FOR ENGLAND."

No longer let us talk about the treasons hatch'd of old,
Of plots and foul conspiracies in sacred story told;
Or show the page of Greece and Rome distain'd with
Faction's name,
Or England's earliest annals blurr'd with many a rebel's
shame;
For later times, in factious crimes, all former times excel,
And Anglo-Gallic patriots *now* in mischief bear the belle.
King George he is for England,
Napoleon is for France,
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Brewers of old and later days were aye a factious crew,
The trumpet of Sedition loud th' *Athenian brewer** blew,
And, when his country's general had thinn'd the Spartan ranks,
Refused to give him credit for't, or vote a vote of thanks:
Sour as his beer, he wouldn't cheer the chief with gratulations,
But pour'd to's country's enemies his porter-pot libations.
George C-nn-ng is for England,
Sam W——— is for France,
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Wat Tyler frighten'd London cits, and so did rebel Straw,
And Cade declared that from his mouth should issue England's law;
Cade was a noisy orator, and if his trade you ask,
'Twas brewing, Sir, and so he took the name of *Cade* from *cask;*
And though his tongue was foully hung, his breath not oversweet,
As foul a mouth as his there may be found in C——ll-street.
George C-nn-ng is for England,
Sam W——— is for France,
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

The brew'r of Ghent's disgraceful league the Flemish history shows,
Who gull'd his valiant countrymen to fraternize with foes;
His pseudo-patriot principles they soon had cause to rue,
For *bitter* was the potion that his politics did brew;

* See in Addison's Whig Examiner the speech of Alcibiades to Taureas the brewer.

Yet Ghent is not the only spot for *bitter* brewers famed,
The Fleming was not half so bad as one that might be named.
George C-nn-ng is for England,
Sam W—— is for France,
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

When France began her rebel work, though many bore a share,
Of all the patriot gang the chief was brewer Sam Sansterre;
With publicans and sinners he was hourly working evil,
Was now a most religious saint, and now a very devil:
Just such a saint I well can paint amongst our canting wights,
God bless the King, and guard him long from such ungodly lights.
George C-nn-ng is for England,
Sam W—— is for France,
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Degenerate sons of British sires, no British blood they show,
They rail at England's victories, and weep at Gallia's woe;
For Britain's foes these patriot souls can glow with friendship's spark,
With *quashee* bane their countrymen, but brace the French with *bark;*
In nightly jar and paper war against the state they toil,
And yet they dare to call themselves "THE PATRIOTS OF THE SOIL."
Bad patriots these for England,
They'd better go to France,
Honi soit qui mal y pense,

Though brewer Cromwell's guilty hand drove Charles
from England's throne,
Old Nol was Antigallican in spirit, blood, and bone;
At home the canting tyrant used hypocrisy and fraud,
But then the terror of his arms "went flying all abroad;"
French, Dane, or Russ he scorn'd to buss, but stern defiance hurl'd,
Our patriots false philanthropy *embraces* ALL THE WORLD!
King George he is for England,
Napoleon is for France,
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

March 8, 1808.

THE WHITE KNIGHT AND HIS LEMAN.

MR. SATIRIST,

I HAD lately the good fortune to discover an ancient manuscript, of which the inclosed is a copy, among the ruins of READING ABBEY, which, you may remember, was in times of popery one of the most splendid in this kingdom. In some places words and phrases occurred, which are now obsolete, and would not have been understood by the general reader: for these I have ventured, in some cases, to substitute more modern expressions, and given explanations in others; but unwilling to strip this venerable relic of its ancient and appropriate dress, I have been studious to observe the old orthography.

It was most probably written by some father of the convent, as in those days literature was almost entirely confined to the clergy; and from the title we may hazard a conjecture, that the tale relates to some former possessor of the beautiful seat near READING, still called WHITE

KNIGHTS, and now in the possession of the MARQUIS of BLANDFORD: and it is not a little singular that it should be inscribed to a nobleman of his lordship's name. Perhaps from these hints some of the readers of your interesting work, who are fond of investigations of this nature, may be enabled, by looking into the *records* preserved in our courts, or other authentic documents, to ascertain who the WHITE KNIGHT was.

I am, Mr. Satirist, yours,

Reading. ARCHAIOPHILOS.

THE WHYTE KNYGHT AND HIS LEMAN.*

A marveilus pleasaunt Storie; and the mor pleasaunt for that yt is trew. Inscribd to mie verie good lorde, the Ld. DE SPENSER.

In that swote seson, whan the erth is clothid in a freshe liverie of flowers, and the birdis doe chaunt merrilie their amorous dittyes in everie brak, tho † whan as pastimes and games doe most abonde, Maister Nicolas, a merrie galant of our toun, was retournynge homewarde from the revell, the whiche had bin holdin inne EARLIE‡ BOTTOM. Wel pleased was Maister Nicolas with the sportes, and so joious withal hee mote not conteine his speach, soche pleasur had he in the remembraunce therof. "Bie mie troth," quod he in him selfe, "ther were niver better revels, ne mo merrie. O the brave roisterers how sturdilie thei strooke! and the morris dauncers,§ by mie holidom,

* Mistress. † Then.

‡ A place between three and four miles from Reading, where revels are still held.

§ The morris dance, one of the most favourite diversions of our ancestors, but now fallen into almost universal disuse, is still practised

thei did daunce moste deftlie." And ever and anoon, whenne as hee bethowte him of the mincing of MAID MARIAN, the froliksom tossing and winceing of the HOBBIE-HORSE, and the fleers and antiks of the FOOL, how hee jingeld his bels, and leyd aboute him wyth hys bawble, Maister Nicolas loffed * incontinentlie.

Beynge in soch gamson mood, and ripe for anie sort of ropery † or frolik, he chaunced too passe nere unto the WHYTE KNYGHTIS castel; for thatte way did his path lye: when sodanlie hee heres issewing from a clos thickett a gentil sownd like untoe the musik of a lute. Nowe Maister Nicolas wold faine kno who it mote bee, that soughte owt thys retired solitude to practis hys minstrelsie, but as hee softlie aproched the spot from whence he wist thos silver-swote sounds did com, of a sodaine

in some parts of Berkshire, and a few other counties. The dancers are generally husbandmen, who take an annual circuit for the purpose of collecting money by their rude exhibition. In our old writers this pastime is frequently mentioned.

MAID MARIAN, or the *lady of the May*, was a principal character in this dance. She was generally finely dressed, and her usual gait was mincing *nice and affected*. Latterly the character declined from its original delicacy and importance; and in the time of Queen Elizabeth was usually represented by a boy.

The HOBBY-HORSE was represented by a man with pasteboard fastened to him before and behind, made in the form of the head and hinder parts of a horse, with a long mantle thrown over it, and reaching to the ground to conceal the want of legs. The performer, on this occasion, exerted all his skill in burlesque horsemanship: it was something like the *taylor's riding to Brentford*.

The FOOL wore a motley coat with bells at the skirts and elbows, and a hood with asses ears, crested with a cockscomb. He had an official sceptre or *bauble*, which was a short stick with a fool's head carved in wood fixed at one end. To this bauble there was frequently annexed an inflated skin or bladder, with which the fool belaboured those with whom he was inclined to make sport.

* Laughed. † Roguery.

thei were cesed. He tarid to harken yf perchaunce they mote be renewd, and sone aftir that he hears som one discourseing aftir thys fourme. "O most lovlie Cross, most dere and pretious in mie eys, I doe niver have ne joye ne comfort but atte soche tyme as I may loke upon the, for thou art mie only delyt, faire Cross." Whan as he herd thes wordis yspok, Maister Nicolas repented him of his too curious and irrevirent inquirie; and straitwaie, (albeit no devout bedesman, the Lord pardon hym therfor,) he made the sign of the holie cross aftir pius manir: for it was Holierood * Eve, and hee made noo doubt that thos wordes, which he did here, wer put up to som holie cros, of which befor he wot not, ther ystondyng. Then he aprochen nerer to joyn in soche pius vespers, yet soe softly withal, that hee mote not disturbe the odir; and then hee perseyvid, not soch godlie sighte of wich hee weend, bot sityng on the grownd in wanton sorte the Whyt Knighte and hys Leman; the which Maister Nicolas did kno for one Bet Cross, a loose tib † of our town, abyding in Minsterre-street.

When as he fonde what manir of devocions thei wer in which hee had list toe joyn, and bethowt hym of the mystak, the wich he mad becaus of the name of that wanton beyng as it wass Cross, Maister Nicolas was soe

* *Holy-rood day,* a Romish festival, more properly called THE FINDING OF THE CROSS, observed on the 3d of May, in memory of the miraculous discovery of the holy cross by St. Helen, mother of St. Constantine the Great, *anno* 326, after it had been concealed by infidels 180 years, who had erected a statue of VENUS in place of it. The moderns seem inclined to follow the heathen example.

† A name commonly given in old writings to any immodest woman. Thus Shakspeare,

> "Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel
> That hither comes enquiring for his TIB."
>
> PERICLES, *Act* 4. *Sc.* 6.

tikled, that scars cold hee withold hys lofter* therat, albeit he desierd to se what mo myt pass betwin them. Lovinlie thei sat in amros parlaunce. "A, Sr. Knyght," quod sche, "with thi deseyvable of faire wordes thow hast begiled meni mo damisels than mee." At thys wel plesid was the Knyght, bussing her most lovinly, and yeving hir a faire ryng, which hee did wear uponne hys finger. "Trowist thou, how menie, swote wench," quod he. "Naie bi mie holidom," answred she, "that may I not forrsoth, so meni doubtles thei be, for thow art a charmynge knyt." "By mie soul," quod he, "thei haf cost mee gret store of mony, aye moch more then I can now tel the of." Tho † did he spek of meini that hee had too doe withal; the wich relacyon was to Maister Nicolas matter of grete mirth, and it was the mo plesaunt for the manir, for evir and anon the Whyt Knighte wold stutter at a worde, the whyle one mote tel a hundred, and aftir al his strainінge cold onlie gett yt out of the one syde of hys mouth.

"Loke on thes, mie sweet primerole,"‡ quoth the Knyt, "wottest thow whens I had thys pece of red tape and brown paper?"§ "Nay, biddesnie,"‡ quod the damosel, "how schold I doe that?" Tho answered the Knygt, "I do hold them veri dere; for in thes did a gentil dame wrap up a tokin of hir love, whiche she did send to mee." "A, Sir Knyt," quod the damsel, "thow

* Laughter. † Then.

‡ ‡ *Primerole, biddesnie*, words of endearment.

§ The mention of such familiar articles as these might lead ordinary readers to suspect the antiquity of this *MS.*, but we find *brown paper* mentioned in several old authors. The following passage, however, from Shakspeare may suffice: "Here's young master Rash, he's in for a *commodity of brown paper*."—MEASURE FOR MEASURE, *Act.* 4. *Sc.* 3.

diddest lov hir moche moe, I wis, then evir thou diddest love mee." "Saie thow not soe, my prytti piggisnie," seid the Knyte bussinge her in kindlie facion, "for I do lof the betir then I ever lovid maiden befor. Mie own trew ladie, which is of gentil blud, I do scorn for thie sak. Botte thys daintie dame that I did tel the of, she was a wife; but she lovid mee betir then hir riteful lorde: for I was careful to bee hir purveyor, and to let hir hav alwaie what mote give her delyt. I didde send to her game, the whiche mine owne hawkis had kild, and pretius chees ybrowt at grete charg from farre contrie. But, yn the end, hir husband who was mie frend, did complein to the judg of mie doyns with hys wyf, and the judg did fine me in a hundred marks. By the masse, I did thinke thys to be a litel pryse for a faire ladie's honor." At thys his wanton mate did loffe;* "By mie soul," quod she, "thow art a dere wikid Knyt. Bot se, yt waxith dark; I must needes retourne to my home, or mie modir wul chid my longe tarrying."

Tho thei rose up to be gone, and the Knyght seid, "Anoon, swote wench, wen thie modir sleips, I wul bee benethe thy window. For the beter conselement, I wil wrap me in a larg mantil; and thow shalt kno me bie mie playyng on the lute, the which, as thou wottest, I doe toche moste daintilie, ofting practising the same in swote consort withe that gode FELLOW, mie squier." Then answered that conyng skeinsmate,‡ "Whan I haf openid the dore, tak good hede, dear Knyte, that thow speke not, lest my mothir hear the, and so have sospecyon of mie mysdoyng."

Tho thei departid lovinlie tojedir on their waie, the mayd to hir home and the Knyght to hys castil: the

* *Laugh.*

‡ An old name for a wanton.

whiles Maister Nicolas was wel ni bursten wi loffter toe think how craftilie that *light-o-love* had begiled the sillye Knyght with the conceite that she had yielded hirself to hym onelie, and that hir mothir knew not of hir shame; albeit ful certayne it was that she had menie paramours, of the wich one SHACKLE, a lustie yeoman, yclept by menie the *pride of Earlie*, and a frend of Maister Nicolas, was one; and hir modir was an old beldam, who did share yn the imodist gains of hir dowter. Bot les was he amased at the wenchis conyng then the folie and conceyt of the knightly coxcomb.

Maister Nicolas now hied him homward with al the speed hee mote; for hys merrie brain had hatchid a plot of the sodaine, wich hee purposd to play upon that amrose payr. Hee clothed hym in a large mantil, and takyng a lute, the whiche hee can handel passyng wel, he repaird at fit seson undir the window of the damisel. Then, when hee had preluded a litel upon hys instrument, scho openid her casement, and espyinge Maister Nicolas, who in bignes and heght mote wel pas for the Whyte Knyte, she conseyved hym to bee hir paramor, and comyng down to the dore, she openid yt softlie and lette him in; nought sospectyng the whiles but it was indede the White Knyt, their beinge noe lyte in the chambir for greater secresie.

Anon comes the Whyte Knyght himselfe undir the windowe, and preluds on hys lute, as it was agrede betwene hym and hys leman. At thys she was sore trobled, thinking, no doubt, it was som odir of hir paramours, and that bie thys her deseyt mote be betraid: for she did niver dreme that it was the Whyte Knyght himself playing the lute undir hir windowe, belevyng hym to bee now with hir. The Knyte mervailing at the unwontid delaie, and fering he mote not bee herd, smote his lute

lowder; and thanne Maister Nicolas, feynyng to stutter that hys speach mote be like unto the Knyte's, demaundid of the damosil, who was that twangling Jack undir hir window, and what hys bisnes ther mote bee. Then answered the mayden in dismaie, "Haplie, Sir Knyte, yt is some dronkin lozel retourneing from the revels; but think not of hym sweet biddisnie." "Bie the masse tho," quod Maister Nicolas, "I wul mar his minstrelsie." Than he gat up, and finding in the chambir a larg vessel ful of water, he toke it in hys hondes, and straitwaie openid the windowe. The Whyte Knyte hering thys, and thinking yt to bee no odir than his love, loked up, and was forthwith drenchid from top to toe in the water wich Maister Nicolas poured out. Wondring what thys mote mean, he retournid in haste and grete wroth to hys castil, the whiles Maister Nicolas retourned to the the damisel, who could not restrein hir lofftir at that whiche he had done; and soe thei passed the nighte pleasauntlie togedir, Maister Nicolas levyng hir befor the morn, withoute eni sospecyon by hir of hys being othir then he seemed, that ys hir Knyte. Aftir this facion was the Whyte Knyte yserved.

For the Satirist.

PROBATT'S ELIXIR AND OXFORD LOZENGE.

[For an admirable Advertisement of a similar panacea, read the TIMES Newspaper of 21st January, 1808.]

MR. SATIRIST,

THE fascinating effects of Music, and more especially the melody of the human voice, upon the passions and

affections of the heart, are universally acknowledged; however, the most tender and affecting voice which nature ever produced from the human frame, is capable of being rendered infinitely more powerful, melodious, and flexible: more seducing and irresistible to the feeling breast, by my art. The wonderful powers of a BILLINGTON, and the almost magical effects of the CATALANI tones and science, are not the immediate produce of nature, but the results of my art, of my regimen, and of my appropriate medicine. The elegant composition, called JOHN BULL'S AURUM POTABILE,* is calculated to give peculiar energy, elasticity, and clearness, to the organs of voice. It fortifies the lungs, midriff, and diaphragm, against the effects of spare diet and our inconstant atmosphere: it prevents the disposition to catarrhal and atrabilious affection in the most susceptible constitutions, and is a safe and pleasant cure of the most flaccid viscera, or melancholy tempers. By its use an indifferent voice becomes clear, expressive, and powerful, and soon capable of running rapidly and distinctly through the most difficult divisions. Its efficacy among the higher ranks of society, as well as gentlemen who are in the habit of public speaking and singing, is well known.

My elaboratory is on TOWER-HILL, and the medicine there prepared is alone genuine. I am aware, Sir, that at BIRMINGHAM and SHEFFIELD impudent quacks have sometimes imitated it, and passed off their trash, for a time, with success: but the very best of these nostrums have always proved deleterious, and, if too long taken, infallibly productive of indigestion. The craftiest of all my adversaries resides in DUKE'S PLACE; and he, Mr. Satirist, merely clips the outward labels, and takes away a few grains from my medicines. Thus lessened, they

* *Query.* Ought not this word to be written PORTABILE?

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are still useful, but certainly not quite so valuable as when administered in their perfect state: for, when even first issued from my repository opposite the MANSION HOUSE, I never yet heard that they were deemed too large, or too heavy, or too potent.

In the magazines and newspapers, an ingenious gentleman—Col. RIDDELL, I think—vaunts his powders, and their efficacy on dead carp. Heaven bless the worthy Colonel! I only wish he would attend WESTMINSTER-HALL for a morning or two, and see the superior operation of JOHN BULL's AURUM POTABILE on certain personages therein. Why, Mr. Satirist, I have seen thirty or forty long-robed big-wigged prigs, squatting together like so many frogs on their haunches, mute, squalid, sallow, and apparently *motionless*: I have taken from fifteen to three hundred drops out of my pocket, according to the size of my patient, and the urgency of the case. The very sight of my elixir put all the brood in motion!!! but how, or in what language, can I describe its miraculous effects on Counsellor EGO? Allow me to avail myself of Virgil's description of the scene: [MEM. I held the recipe between my teeth, whilst putting on my gloves; as honest EGO comes from the North.]

"Primaque libato, summo tenus attigit ore,
Tum BITIÆ* dedit increpitans: ille impiger hausit
Spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit AURO."

Fire and thunder! Sir. He grinned horribly a ghastly smile, hemmed audibly, squirted his saliva all around him, poked his humb and fore-finger half down his throat, (to clear the passage, I suppose) wiped his thumb and finger on his robe, hemmed again, still more audibly, wriggled his head, and then, aye, and then....

Τω καὶ ἂκο γλωσσης μελιτος γλυκιεν ῥεεν αυδη.

* A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

He quavered away for six hours, stultified the judge and jury, "*pit, box, and gallery, egad,*" and gained the cause hollow.—Talk of the Colonel's carp, quotha!

I cannot gain any information, at present, as to the operation of my drops, to the tune of *a hundred thousand,* sent out to BRAZIL:* but, from ocular observation of their effects on gentlemen and ladies, whom I have attended, I entertain the most sanguine hopes.

You have heard, Sir, of the wonderful powers of JOHN BULL'S AURUM POTABILE on Counsellor EGO: sorry am I, Mr. Satirist, to state to your numerous readers an event, when the want of my drop was lamentably apparent, and no succedaneum proved effectual. The worthy Counsellor,—in his own humble opinion, being armed at all points, and fit for either field,—had exchanged his long-robe for a morning frock, his full-bottom for a bob, and his brief for a whangee. Thus metamorphosed, with the addition of boots and spurs, he entered a certain assembly, and jantily tripped up to the benches of Opposition. At an early period of the debate, Sir, I anxiously watched my patient. *Laudanum* is not more congenial to JOHN KEMBLE'S constitution, than is AURUM POTABILE to that of a barrister. Good Heavens! I soon beheld the poor gentleman wriggling in all the contortions of a Cumæan Sybil, without any of the inspiration. His whole body was dreadfully distorted, his right-hand hung listlessly on his empty breeches-pocket, his left-hand was clenched, and extended at arm's length, his mouth was gaping, and his wide lips trembled with a convulsive motion; but his eyes, Mr. Satirist,—his fiery eyes,—oh! those eyes fully explained to *me* the cause of his paroxysm. The one modestly directed to the Speaker's chair, the other intensely rivetted on the Speaker's *gilt*

* To *strengthen* a Prince Regent's *constitution.*

mace,—and alternately, in a fine phrenzy rolling, glancing from mace to chair, from chair to mace,—squinted and looked unutterable things. Now all this scene was *caviare* to the multitude. But to me it was most manifest, that the deceptive glare of the mace occasioned the whole confusion. What was to be done? for, I need not tell you, after this detail, that Counsellor Ego had *caught the Speaker's eye;* indeed, I am concerned to own, that he had arrested the attention, admiration, and solicitude, of the whole House.

"Obstupuit, steteruntque comæ,* et vox faucibus hæsit!"

Mr. Wh*tbr*d generously *talked* of drenching him with a pint of his entire. Mr. Dent *shewed* him a cheque on his firm. Mr. F*x *amused* him with a glimpse of his empty purse. But, like a true Samaritan, a friend at Ego's elbow, slily drew from his bosom a flask of *Sherry*, and applied its contents to the poor gentleman's *ear*. Fatal mistake! cruel assiduities! He gasps, like the carp aforesaid, and labours to shriek out—"*Mr. Speaker....I ....I....I....I....*"

"Lingua sed torpet, tenues sub artus
Flamma demanat, sonitu suopte
Finniunt aures, gemina et teguntur
Lumina nocte."

Now, Sir, I do not hesitate to affirm, that had Mr. Speaker but allowed him to *suck the gilding from off his mace*, even that light refreshment might have enabled the Counsellor to behave with tolerable decorum, and even senatorial composure.

Probatt—*Hum—est.*

Rotunda, Bank of England.

* Here I wish to be fairly understood, *cum grano salis*, as only alluding to the few grizzly bristles *under* Ego's bob.

THE ARTS.

No. IV.

(*Continued from* p. 506, *vol.* I.)

An unexpected occurrence obliged us to dismiss our paper upon the Arts, No. IV., somewhat suddenly, and before we had given those finishing touches which should clear the shadows and add brilliancy to the lights of our picture. The reader will recollect that the particular subject of that and the preceding paper was the errors and defects of the British academical establishment for the cultivation of art, which we do most ardently desire to see put upon such a footing as may enable us to cope in arts as well as in arms with our transmarine rivals.

We proceeded to a certain extent in exonerating the present members of that institution, which, as long as it remains on its present contracted establishment, we shall deem unworthy the appellation of Royal Academy, from the blame which we proved, satisfactorily as we trust, to attach to its legislators and its laws; and we left off with adverting to certain narrow and selfish principles, originating in those laws, which seemed destined to repress the patriotic spirit that should always mark the conduct of artists, and more especially of those who are presumed to be nearest the summits of their several professions; and with lamenting that the natural operation of these principles, by extending to the academical elections, would be to perpetuate themselves.

Upon the occasion of the last election of associates, the editor of a public journal jocularly threatened that he would give the R. A.'s a Rowland for their Oliver. If

he goes at all deeper than the surface, he will perceive that the truth of the matter is as we have represented it; that the guilt of the *original sin* does not rest with the present members of the Academy, though the work of *redemption* may—at least they ought to PRAY for it—and that it might with much more justice be said upon such occasions that the electors were giving the establishment *an Oliver for its Rowland.*

We have felt it a duty not to temporize, but to lay *our* "axe to the root" of this, as of every evil to which satire may with dignity descend. We set out with stating that the maxim of Junius was ours, and that neither men nor measures should escape the censure they might be found to deserve: yet here we speak only of measures, or rather we speak of men but as the hands of our clock, which are made to move by the weights which hang below, and are far from meaning the slightest imputation on a certain individual, whom we are informed is a very amiable man, and who may perhaps prove himself an able artist.

We deem the subject before us of serious national import: much more deeply interesting to the public welfare than every eye can perceive, or every intellect comprehend. Our forebodings for the future fate of British art, are, we confess, of a melancholy cast: enough to check, if aught should check, the cheerful tone and sportive movement of our satirical music. It seems as if, unless the cultivation of public taste were by some means more intimately connected with our academical establishment and with the course of our artists studies than at present, we must either submit to see the arts, those of painting and engraving more especially, degraded to mere toys, or else that, as a people, we must become the humble and distant admirers and imitators of the renovated arts of France. It is distressing to our patriotic feelings to ob-

serve pain instead of pleasure presiding over the studies of our superior artists, and flowers strewed about the entrance of their course, while their farthest goal is still but too truly surrounded with thorns. We have often heard of the *spur* of necessity, but who would not prefer to throw the reins upon the neck of a generous courser?

All works of art that have attained to high and lasting reputation, have been performed not from the stimulus of pain, but of pleasure.

Having often heard those dissentions among the academicians which we sincerely regret, and which we firmly believe to be owing to the defects of their laws, and the radical incompetency of their establishment, set down, with a sort of tame acquiescence, to the account of inherent jealousy attendant on the pursuits of art; or else, still more erroneously, to the more open account of poor human nature, who really has enough of her own to answer for, we must here enter our protest against such doctrines: for we cannot join in common-place reprehension, nor re-echo a hue and cry raised against men for not thinking and acting for the public, and upon disinterested and independent principles, when, like the poor gentleman in Beaumont and Fletcher, they "lack the means" of liberality.

In the beginning of our present paper we had the pleasure of agreeing with Fabricia (see p. 502), but here we differ. Her exceptions in favour of Annibal Caracci, Albert Durer, and Lucas of Leyden, with such others as we could add to them, go to the destruction of her principle. Fabricia, so liberal and disinterested herself, so often and so much in the right, may well afford to be here a little in the wrong. Like some other of her sex, whom we will not name at present, she dwells too much upon "family complaints, jealousy," &c. &c.: yet she is well

intentioned and disinterested; and though a "spinster," has a *per contra* page, and keeps her accounts as orderly, though she has not in this case adjusted them so fairly, as Mr. Peter Coxe, the polite and poetical auctioneer.

We beg leave to assure her on the honour of Satirists, that if she looks again, and with the attention of which we know her to be capable, over the *accounts* of distinguished artists, from Apelles down to Sir Joshua Reynolds (who, by the way, were both noble examples of generous conduct towards their competitors), she will find many, very many, more instances of liberal and honourable and patriotic competition in the arts, than she has set down against her *total* of

"Jealousy and baneful strife;"

and if she regards those artists, who alone ought to be taken into such an account, whose ambition and whose professional aims have not been

"Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,"

but who have been amply patronised and encouraged,* she will find—but, alas! how much will her trouble be lessened—the *balance* turning the other way: aye, much more so—to the eternal honour of art and artists be it spoken—than in the *accounts* of statesmen and—"Peace! break thee off"——

P. G. S.

* This is so generally the case, that scarcely shall an artist be found who *has* been amply patronised and encouraged, and is really of such high rank and talents in his profession, as to deserve such patronage, but who has also been liberal and even generous in his conduct to others of his profession.

POLITICS.

THOUGHTS ON PARTY.

It may be discerned without any great force of political sagacity, that a free government cannot exist without parties of some kind or other. It may perhaps be added with truth, that they are, in a great degree, necessary to freedom. The history of all states, in every period of the world, where liberty has been a leading feature of the constitution, will manifest the accuracy of these positions. Difference of interests, in the least as well as most extended sense of the expression, will not fail to beget diversity of sentiments; and in a country where men may declare, in general, what they think, and may discover what they intend or wish to do, without any apprehension of political danger, there must be in the natural course of things, opposing bodies of men. They are found to exist in the country town, as well as in the capital, in the vestry, in the cabinet, and in every intermediate district and jurisdiction. The ruler of a village finds a living spirit of opposition to his designs, as well as the ruler of a people.

It seems to be as necessary to guard against the wickedness of corporate bodies as that of individuals, and the necessity increases in proportion to the power which demands controul. It might be dangerous at any time, for the leading men in a free state to meet with little or no opposition; but to be without apprehension of any check whatever, at a period of great national prosperity, is a situation in which no man, or set of men, ought to be trusted. The love of power has so often prevailed over the most resolute private virtue, that a confidence in the latter should never be indulged beyond certain limitations.

The decline and fall of the ancient republics, will furnish ample materials to illustrate the almost irresistible impulse of that ambition, which has shaken to their foundations, the temples of political and civil freedom.

In times of great national glory, when the unsuspicious minds of a whole people are occupied in the contemplation, the promotion, or the enjoyment of their prosperity; and when those who govern, may, beneath the glare of public successes, endeavour to undermine the strength of the constitution,—a party who, at such a period, opposes the administering powers of the state, watches their conduct with never-ceasing attention, and gives the alarm of any evil designs to the people, whatever may be the motive, is a great national blessing. But it is not the nation alone who are interested to support such a body of men,—the prince himself should privately encourage it. A popular, ambitious, unprincipled minister, may be as troublesome to his master as he is dangerous to the people; and any check that can keep such a character in due bounds, is a desirable circumstance for every part of the state. The statesman, who has by any means procured the ready unequivocal confidence of his fellow-subjects, may feel a disposition to gratify an imperious mind, by dictating to his sovereign.

But a period may arrive, when the national interest requires an union of all parties to effect one common object. A war with powerful and confederated nations, or any signal public calamity, from whatever cause it may arise, demands the immediate extinction of all party animosity. When surrounding danger threatens a state, when neutrals become enemies, and even friends are compelled to be foes, all jealousy will subside in every true *patriot* bosom. Party spirit will become absorbed in public good. Enemies must then join with friends, and friends with enemies in one common bond of coalition, to

give force, energy, and effect, to the operations of government for the preservation of the state. Any set of men, therefore, who employ their influence, their fortune, and their *talents* to calumniate, distract, and impede the proceedings of government, in a time of great public danger, do in effect encourage the enemies of their country, and deserve the execration of every good citizen. A party formed upon such principles, is the greatest evil that can befal a state; and it is a melancholy and mortifying reflection, that to such a party several of our most eminent public men, give the most powerful weight of their rank and abilities. With such men, the alarming and encroaching influence of the crown, as well as the increase of public corruption, have of late been but too often the common expressions and favorite themes. They can approve of no power but their own; nevertheless, with what ardor, anxiety, and expence, nay sometimes to the great distress of private fortunes, are they seen to aim at acquiring what is called parliamentary interest? a many-headed hydra, of a far more dangerous tendency to the public welfare, than the fierce and terribe monster of the prerogative. Yet such are the themes on which these angry patriots declaim with continued and ardent eloquence. Nor is it the minister alone who is accused of promoting the progress of corruption; the crown itself is insidiously and indirectly charged with being guilty of encouraging this bane of public welfare, with a design to extend the prerogative beyond the natural limits of the constitution. When, therefore, the orators of opposition are at a loss for some immediate abuse against the servants of government, they find, in these common-place subjects, an abundant source of declamatory accusation. But where is the man at all acquainted with the course of public affairs, who will venture to assert that some, if not all, of these anti-ministerial declaimers do not act with a

zeal kindled by disappointment, and inflamed by the hopes of those emoluments and honors of which others are in possession? This would be at once evident in their conversion to that tranquil indifference and patriotic apathy, which would no doubt accompany their removal from the opposing to the ministerial bench, if by any unfortunate mutation of political events, they should happen to be placed in such a situation: for "when the mastiffs had got their sops, they would growl no more." Let us hope, for our country's sake, that they will long continue to bark in vain.

MR. SATIRIST,

THOUGH I think the wisdom and the patriotism of the late administration are nearly in proportion to each other, I shall confine my present observation to the former. I must think, considering their obvious design of opposing and distressing the present administration in every instance, the motion in the House of Commons relative to Mr. Giffard, was a master-stroke of policy, that could only have been suggested by such a conglomeration of genius, as is to be found in the united efforts of *All the Talents*.

Persons of less exalted capacity would have thought the best mode of reconciling Englishmen to the admission of the followers of the church of Rome, to an equal participation of all their civil, political, and military rights, would be to show, that more liberal sentiments of toleration had inspired their bosoms; that they had laid aside that malicious spirit of persecution, which compelled our ancestors to curb it by the most severe penal laws, and which drove the house of Stuart from the throne, and placed the house of Brunswick on it. But this would not do for the wisdom of *All the Talents*. They were determined to show, that they possessed *all* the energy as well as *all the talents* of the nation; and while they supported the claims

of the followers of the church of Rome, to prove they kept still alive their intolerant spirit, encouraging that intolerant spirit themselves, by declaring openly in parliament that persons who spoke against the claims of the Roman Catholics should be, ipso facto, incapable of holding any place of trust or profit under the government.

Permit me to say one word on the absurd practice of those who argue on both sides the question, calling the members of the church of Rome κατ' ἐξοχὴν Catholics.

The church of Rome confines this term to the orthodox faith only; for Lactantius says, 'sola Ecclesia Catholica est quæ verum cultum retinet," while the church of England more liberally, in her liturgy, extends it to all who profess and call themselves Christians; therefore, when the Church of Rome calls her followers emphatically Catholics, she only brands us as heretics; but when we call them so, we relinquish ourselves the name of Christian.

I am, Sir,

A Catholic of the Church of England.

IMITATION OF THE TWENTIETH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.*

My dear little book, very shrewdly I guess,
You're become quite impatient to go to the press,

* In this short epistle we have a more spirited and a more correct portrait of Horace, than in all the rest of his works. We have not only a frank confession of his intellectual pride, and his vanity as an author, but a very particular delineation of his peculiarities of temper, person, and constitution. And it is highly entertaining to observe, that, in personifying his book, he has dextrously shifted his own vanity of authorship, and sensibility of literary applause, to the shoulders of a mere creature of his imagination.

Not content by a *few partial friends* to be seen,
You now must be printed and published, I ween!
As a *neat pocket volume* ambitious to shine,
You laugh at this desk, and these scruples of mine.
Since thus you my lessons of modesty spurn,
Go! fly!—but remember you ne'er can return.
When the *following sheets* unattended shall lie,
When fierce critics shall cast you indignantly by,
While the good-natured souls, who most warmly admired,
Most loudly applauded, begin to be tired:
Then, pained and insulted, you'll think upon me,
And inwardly curse this fond wish to be free.
If you weather in London a winter or two,*
Rely on my word, 'tis the most you can do;
After that, your mute leaves may for ages afford,
To the indolent book-worm† his bed and his board,
Or handsomely bound,‡ for a season you'll grace,
The librarian's shelves at some watering-place!
As you're sneering to day at my warning, alas!
I shall laugh in my sleeve when it all comes to pass.

* Carus eris Romæ, donec te deserat *ætas*. A book of poetry that retains its popularity for two winters in our metropolis, may surely be said to attain a *great age*. These bright meteors soon tumble from the sky, and the eye forgets that they were ever there. Even *Little* has ceased to be *great*.

† The word *book-worm* is here literally, not metaphorically, used. The human bookworm may sleep over his books, but they seldom afford him a meal.

‡ Handsomely *bound*. *Vinctus* mitteris Iberdam. I prefer the reading of Bentley and of all the MSS. Horace had too great a regard for his book, even to admit the idea which is attached to the common word *unctus;* greasy with the groceries it was compelled to enwrap. His "Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores," (Epistle 1, v. 269) is the denunciation of a curse almost too heavy to be supposed possible.

Then consider the wound which your pride will sustain,
When at some dirty school in a pitiful lane,
Those verses you think so harmonious and sweet,
Shall be lisp'd by old women for babes to repeat.*
But if numerous readers you ever engage,
Reserve for your author the half of a page.
Say that humble in birth, and in fortune confined,
He owed all he had to the powers of his mind;
And aspired his bold pinions far wider to spread,
Than the nest, where his youth and his childhood werebred,
The chiefs of the state with his converse were pleased;
He was quickly provoked, in a moment appeased;
Short in stature, and early beginning to show,
The grey honors of age on a juvenile brow;
In summer's warm suns he delighted to bask,
His years if some curious enquirer should ask;
You may own, on that day he attained forty-four,
When the Emp'rors were † MARRIED on Vistula's shore.

* Even when the book is considered in its lowest state of degradation, there is a consciousness of its superiority to the offspring of ordinary writers; for, though it must be dreadfully grating to a poetical ear to hear fine verses taught by an old schoolmistress, and sung out by whining children, yet no work could be employed as the instrument of teaching the language, till it had been stamped with the authorised impression of classical celebrity.

† Collegam Lepidum quo *duxit* Lollius anno. The latin scholar need not be informed that the word *duxit* justifies my version, which perhaps I might also justify, by the striking fact that two lusty sons were the fruit of this extraordinary union;—the king of Westphalia and the duke of Warsaw. This marriage, indeed, resembles one of those hasty connections, which the situation of the *lady* sometimes induces parish officers to form in a hurry, for the chopping twins above mentioned were born on the very day on which the solemnity was celebrated. Shall we compare them to Minerva springing all armed from the brain of Jupiter, or to the embryo-potentate, who was crowned during the pregnancy of the mother?—*See Robertson's Charles the Fifth.*

THE GOOSE OF ROME,

A FACT.

"Cadent
Quæ nunc sunt in honore——"

HORACE de Arte Poetica.

OUR readers may recollect having seen in the "Courier" about two months ago, several letters signed "Anser Capitolinus," an appellation alluding to a remarkable event in the Roman History. But what we are about to relate, is intended principally to point out the rapid approaches which we are making towards Mr. C—t's millenium of *classic* ignorance, and that already a PROPER degree of DISRESPECT to the ancients is beginning to manifest itself.

Very lately a reverend rector, in full possession of the blessing of a rich benefice, invited to dinner a brother of the cloth. A young gentleman of *liberal* education was also of the party; who, among other topics of conversation, introduced politics, observing, "that he had that morning been perusing a letter in the "COURIER," signed "ANSER CAPITOLINUS," justly so called, for a *capital answer* it was indeed." "Hold, Sir," says the parson, "you mis-construe the latin." "*Anser*, I remember, is latin for a "*goose*:" but *Capitolinus*, Doctor, *must* be translated "*capital*," addressing himself to his worthy host across the table, who by the bye felt a *more than Roman* attachment for the fowl, and was at that moment lacerating and masticating a wing of a very fine *gander*. "*Capital goose* certainly it is," exclaimed he. His guests understanding this as his learned decision on their question, bowed in silent acquiescence.

TO MR. BRANDON, ON HIS INCOMPARABLE PREFACE TO THE INCOMPARABLE KAIS.

Hush, blockhead! hush! nor madly thus proclaim,
With ideot impudence, thy country's shame;
Expose not thus the folly of the age,
That bore such stuff on the degraded stage;
Yet candour must allow how justly fit,
The critic's judgment and the writer's wit:
While in the prose of Billingsgate you chuse,
To praise the doggrel of your Grub-street muse.

JUDÆUS.

EPIGRAM, TO THE SAME.

If music's charms can thus besot the town,
And make such gross absurdities go down,
We well may guess when tuneful Orpheus play'd,
How monkies gambol'd, and how asses bray'd.

BOB SHORT.

(In our next will be given No. I. *of "Notorious Fashionable Characters.")*

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field. By Walter Scott, Esq. Edinburgh, 1808.

THE frivolity of the prevalent literary taste, that gives unwonted dignity to trifles, and empowers sordid booksellers to prey upon the pockets of our fashionable readers, is at once melancholy and ridiculous: ridiculous, with regard merely to the present foppish race; but most melancholy, with regard to the rising generation in particular, and to posterity in general. Every nursery throughout the British empire has been ransacked, again and again, with astonishing pertinacity of research, for tales, ballads, and ditties; and the old women of England and Wales, of Scotland and Ireland, have been harassed with eternal requisitions; whilst Messrs. Southey, Lewis, Wordsworth, Lambe, Coleridge, *cum multis aliis ineptibus*, taking a wilder and a bolder range, have severally published, in all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance," of authorship, Romances old and new, mystic Tales, lyrical Ballads, and trite Monodies. In the fulness of time, we really expect to behold the redoubtable TOM THUMB and the renowned JACK HORNER issuing, gorgeously arrayed, from *the Foundling Hospital:* in other words, printed on creamy paper wire-woven and hot-pressed, accompanied by commentaries, glossaries, &c. &c. and embellished with plates by Heath, from designs by Fu-

seli and Westall. The size, of course, will be royal quarto; and the price (a very *secondary* consideration to Messrs. S. L. W. L. and C.) 2*l.* 2*s.* in boards, to subscribers, or 3*l.* 3*s.* with the plates coloured.

The name of Walter Scott, Esq. has long and honourably been enrolled on the list of worthies who labour to bring about such charming exhibitions: it is a name that bears with it much private and personal recommendation. We wish we could with truth vouch as favourably for Mr. Scott's numerous coadjutors.

Though we find it our duty to censure the author of MARMION, we do so with reluctance. Our arduous office, however, is not of a temporising nature: we acknowledge in the world of literature no paramount rule but that of Truth, no restrictive call but that of Justice. In the exercise of our office, fain would we exclaim,

> "Hunc servare modum nostri novêre libelli,
> Parcere *personis*, dicere de *vitiis*."

But it may not be: for the varied fooleries of our time are so prurient, that any such mitigated procedure on our part would instantly be hailed by thousands of puny authors as a tacit dereliction of our engagement. No; it may not be: we can steer no middle course between independent Criticism and crawling Cowardice: *Jacta et alea!* With a slight verbal alteration, we say,

> "Si quis erit dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur,
> Quod mœchus fuerit, sicarius, aut alioqui
> Famosus, multâ cum libertate "notandus."

> Most freely will we brand the plundering slave,
> Letcher, and butcher,*—each notorious knave.

* Charles Sedley, *Esquire.*

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL, by Walter Scotts Esq. is a most unequal poem: considered as a whole, it is certainly a very heavy performance; but contains several very pretty images in a pleasing dress, some of it parts are well written, and all are wrought up with considerable care. Indeed, every page of the work exhibits, more or less, the labour of the file; and we candidly confess, that from observation of Mr. Scott's toil, far more than from conviction of his talents, as a Scotch poet, we foreboded that species of ephemeral popularity to which the good gentleman complacently alludes in his preliminary ADVERTISEMENT to MARMION. We decidedly say *ephemeral;* for "compositions, merely pretty, have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for some thing useful. They are flowers fragrant and fair, but of short duration; they are blossoms only to be valued as they foretel fruits." Even in reading THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL (by far the best of Mr. Scott's compositions) we grew wearied by the tediousness of his notes, and we rose from our task disgusted by the multiplicity of his dull quotations from *such strange reading as is never read.* It has been justly observed, we believe by Johnson, that tediousness in an author is the most fatal of all faults. Negligence or errors are single and local, but tediousness pervades the whole; other faults are censured and forgotten, but the power of tediousness propagates itself. He that is weary the first hour, is more weary the second: as bodies forced into motion, contrary to their tendency, pass more and more slowly through every successive interval of space. Still our recent perusal of THE LAY had, upon the whole, made something like an agreeable impression on our minds; and hence we resolutely sat down to the ponderous quarto volume of MARMION, a tale,—price, gentle reader, in boards, *one* pound, *eleven* shillings, and *six* pence!!—with a good grace: entertain-

ing a tolerable clear anticipation of great loss of time, but hoping to encounter some slight contingent amusement. Hope told a flattering tale: we found Mr. Scott's farrago—Μεγα Βιβλιον, Μεγα Κακον.

This well-printed quarto volume comprises five hundred and ten pages; of which not more than two hundred and seventy-seven, at the utmost, are in fact occupied by MARMION. How, then, are the other pages *killed** *off?* Why, in a very pithy DEDICATION to Lord Montagu, in six very diffuse EPISTLES to six very different, and, no doubt, very amiable individuals, viz. [William Stewart Rose, Esq., Rev. John Marriot, M. A., William Erskine, Esq., James Skeene, Esq., George Ellis, Esq., and Richard Heber, Esq.] and in an enormous quantity of delicious NOTES, fished up by a drag-net from the muddy pool of oblivion. In the latter, Mr. Scott's gallantry and sagacity are amazingly conspicuous: his gallantry, in condescending to honour "*a little old woman of eighty*," the mother of one of the miners in Alston-Moor, with two pages of quotation from her budget; and his sagacity, in finding out that "*any old woman* in Scotland will bear witness,"—what? for the sake of wonder, what? why—that "*pa, da, lyn*, are the first efforts of a child to say, *Whare's Davie Lindsay?*"—Ha! ha! ha! Walter Scott, Esq. thou art assuredly a wag; for thou callest this a very interesting passage. *Note to note* 4. *on Canto* IV. *page* 67.

Of the vast importance and beauty of Mr. Scott's NOTES we wish to lay before our readers a fair sample; and understanding that he himself is desirous to have the two following passages particularly admired, we give them the preference for this sole reason; not thinking

* We are always happy and proud whenever, as in the present case, we can avail ourselves of Mr. W*ndh*m's *singularly* classical language.

them ourselves more exquisite than the other luminous citations, which sparkle in his glorious literary galaxy.

SPECIMEN I.

Note 17 to Canto I.

Syne shaped them up to loup on leas,
Two tabards of the tartan;
They counted nought what their clouts were
When serv'd them on, in certain.
Syne clampit up St. Peter's keys,
Made of an old red gartane;
St. James's shells on t'other side, shews
As pretty as a partane
Toe,
On Symmie and his brother.

Now, all this is sublime, to be sure: yet, although our kind friend has washed his prize a little, by discarding the ancient spelling, we cannot but suspect that some mud still clings to it.

SPECIMEN II.

Note 3 to Canto III.

A. D. 1267, Hugo Giffard de Yester moritur, cujus castrum, vel baltem caveam, et dongionem, arte dæmonicâ antiquæ relationes ferunt fabrifactas: nam ibidem habetur mirabilis specus subterraneus, opere mirifico constructus, magno terrarum spatio protelatus, qui communiter BO-HALL appellatus est.

In that hall Mr. Scott might hear the sound Bo reverberated, whenever he opened his beak. Hence the expression, "*Bo to a Scott.*"

The tale of MARMION relates the adventures of a fictitious character; and is represented by its ingenious author to be an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale; and in the course of a more interesting narrative, than THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL;

and we are modestly told by him, that he feels some anxiety concerning its success, since he is sensible he hazards, by this second intrusion, the reputation his first Poem procured him. This confession is handsome; nay more, it is sincere and true.

The story is soon told, *in prose*. MARMION, the pretended hero,* is a bold bad man, who debauches a nun, practises a forgery, courts an heiress, maintains a lie, combats a real rival and a sham ghost, insults an aged nobleman, fights a tremendous battle, breaks a toledo, receives a home thrust, gets spilt from his horse, swills water, rants, shouts, and—dies:

"Hardickneutus sic, Britonum rex, impiger hausit
"Viniferum cornu; tunc circumspexit, et——exit."

We more than suspect Canto II. to have been compiled from the jejune stores of Monk Ghost Lewis, Esq. It is, at any rate, surprisingly spun out in his worst manner, in *chiara obscura*; it has, too, the same indistinct throes of abortive horror, the same nonsense of paralysed thought, the same laughable bombast of turgid expression; its title is overflowing, we suppose, with meaning, THE CONVENT!!!

Canto VI. possesses "disjecti membra poetæ." It is, perhaps, the only Canto that rises to any interest, in narrative, sentiment, and style. We honestly pronounce the passages in pages 335, 6, 7, 8, (quaintly marked XXVII and XXVIII) to rank, in our deliberate opinion, among the most animated irregular lines of modern poesy. *O si sic omnia!*

Throughout the poem, whenever our *soi-disant* Bard deems it convenient to introduce, or to mention, a minister of the Christian religion, he makes the brute either a sensualist, a glutton, a drunkard, a libertine, a swearer, a

* Homo bellicosus, ferociâ et astutiâ, fere nulli suo tempore impar.

brawler, or an assassin. To him, therefore, to his hopeful associate Ambrosio, and to every similar writer, we solemnly recommend, with all due deference and respect, an attentive meditation, on this undoubted apophthegm: *Malevolence to the clergy, is seldom at a great distance from irreverence to religion.*

Not unfrequently does Walter Scott, Esq. condescend to scribble doggerel; e.g. *four proofs*:

"To stout Saint George of Norwich merry,
"Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
"Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,
"For his sins' pardon hath he prayed."

p. 46. Again,

"Grammercy," quoth Lord Marmion,
"Full loth were I, that friar John,
"That venerable man, for me,
"Were placed in fear, or jeopardy."

p. 47. Again,

"And knight and squire had broke their fast,
"On rich substantial repast."

p. 54. again,

"One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
"With many a bendicite;
"One at the rippling surge grew pale,
"And would for terror pray."

p. 79. *et alibi passim.*

To CONCLUDE our Review of this uncouth, anomalous, and motley performance. We are terribly inclined, διανοιχα: either to fear, that this poor man is, alas! fast approaching to second childhood; or to guess, that he indolently blurted out this doleful ditty and truly delectable romance, merely to amuse those precious "IMPS" whom he so

sweetly immortalizes in his *Epistle to William Stewart Rose, Esq.* we the rather choose to admit the latter charitable conjecture, since Mr. Scott expressly and candidly says, at the close,

" To thee, dear schoolboy, whom my lay
" Has cheated of thy hour of play,
" Light task and merry holiday!
" To all, to each, a fair good night,
" And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!" p. 377.
" VALETE ET PLAUDITE."

Not so. However, by this lowly appeal, the severity of criticism may be eluded; we beg leave, in the most perfect good humour, to whisper one plain question in this garrulous gentleman's ear:

Pray, Mr. Walter Scott, how many schoolboys or schoolgirls do you really believe may exist on the north, east, south, or west of the Tweed, able or willing to pay 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* for the last dying speech and confession, birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour of MARMION? albeit he was, as you sing or say,

—— " Lord of Fontenaye,
" Of Lutherward, and Scrivelbaye,
" Of Tamworth tower and town." p. 32.

KAIS, *or Love in the Deserts*, an Opera in Four Acts; by Isaac Brandon, Esq. Author of " Fragments in the Manner of Sterne." Murray, 2s. 6d.

The dramatic *merits* of this opera were reviewed in our last number; it is now our task to point out its literary *beauties*.

The author is certainly the most intemperate, and foolish man we ever had the misfortune to encounter. He has

prefixed a preface which is disgraceful both to his head and heart; but as we have noticed this wretched Olio of abuse, fury, folly, and falsehood, in another part of our work, we shall proceed to examine his boasted opera, which he assures all his friends, has been enthusiastically commended for its *poetic* beauties, by Mr. Thomas Sheridan and other learned judges."—CREDET JUDÆUS!

If there were any plot, it would not be Mr. Brandon's ingenuity that furnished it: but like the generality of Drury Lane operas, plot it has none. Well, never mind plot, Congreve's plays were more eminently distinguished for the brilliancy of their language, than for the intricacy of their incidents. Let us then seek those excellencies in the dialogue, which we cannot find in the construction—sense and fertility of imagination,—certainly, reader we, will; and now for a few examples.

For a beautiful couplet, see the first chorus of Arabs. It is impossible to determine whether the sublimity of the thought, or the smoothness of the poetry, is the more entitled to our admiration.

> "Contentment sojourns where we dwell,
> And bears our pitchers to the well:"

A new employment for contentment, *carrying pitchers!* novelty is every thing.

His profound knowledge of the country in which he has laid his scene, is evident throughout, for he is continually talking of the *flowers* and the *flinty* rocks of the *Deserts;* and how interesting must the following curious piece of information be to philosophers and naturalists:—Rosella says to Kais:

> "We have a *dozen* a day of your gloomy gentry, who come with the *same* demure *face.*"

Whence it appears that *one* face only is allowed to

twelve Egyptians. Surely Mr. Brandon's brains must have been dealt out to him by Dame Nature in a similar proportion.

The same *delicate* fair one upon seeing her love exclaims:

"I declare there is that old *Raven*, whose love croaks over me like the very knell of my peace, but I have planned a quietus for the old bearded *Angola*."

Quere: Are angolas ravens, or are ravens bearded angolas? In one line she calls him a *bird*, in another a *beast*, nothing was wanting to complete the speech, but her declaring him an odd *fish*; his reply is nearly as facetious:

"Oh you enchantress, you spin my *soul* into *fine threads*, with the beautiful *roll* of those *delicious* eyes."

Here's metaphor! Excellent author! No wonder he is tenacious; who would not be so that had written *such* dialogue? To abuse it is sacrilege, by Apollo!

The following touch at the pathetic, we suppose he means to be "*after the manner of Sterne*:" he is a clever hand at imitations, mark him:

ALMORAN.

"I do remember travelling through Circassia, I *heard* a maiden famous for her songs; alas! she *never told a story* half so piteous as that sad fate which *did befall herself*. I *saw* her once; the moon's *soft image* on the tranquil brook was not more lovely! She was the daughter of an aged pair, for whom she toiled all day within the vineyard, and cheered their meal at eve with soothing tales. The time I saw her was the last she *did so!!* While from *the stream that flowed beneath their feet* the happy father filled the beachen cup, some ruffians *through the thicket* rushed and bore her off!!!

Is is not melancholy, that a girl he had heard *famous for her songs*, and had *seen once*, should never tell a *story* so piteous as her own? It really is affecting. The figu-

rative allusion to the moon is very pretty; but might we venture to advise Mr. Brandon, any word would have been better than *image*; it reminds us of the little boys who cry, "*any fine imashes to day? buy my fine imashes!*"

What stream little Isaac (cunning rogue) alludes to, that was flowing under the good parents' feet, and what thicket the ruffians rushed through, we are at a loss to conceive; we imagine that the girl must have been accessary to the design, for while her father's back was turned to fill a cup, she took leave, and ran away. We think the comic is better, *if possible*, than the serious; as a specimen, take the following last part of one of Bannister's songs.

"I'm so lov'd by the lasses,
None my basket e'er *passes!*
They're tittering with pleasure,
While I'm taking their measure,
And when the wig's tried,
With a *sweet vacant stare,*
They cry charming wigman,
It fits to a hair."

Not to speak of the bad English and false quantities, we cannot but admire the "*sweet vacant stare*" of a lady upon buying a wig out of a pedlar's basket, and fitting it on in the street; it would be enough to make any body stare.

Whether the duet which was introduced for the purpose of shewing Mr. Kelley's *charming* voice was meant to be serious or comic, we are at a loss to determine; its effect, however, was perfectly ludicrous: it begins thus,

SALEM. Q. "Shall the mountain stoop down to the valley or plain,

KAIS A. 'Tis the valley that's fruitful and *yields thee*—disdain, &c."

Little Isaac, is not this a *non sequitur?*——

The pompous appears to be his forte; mark him!

Enter AMRI *in a rage, with a sabre in his hand.*

"Confusion!—Where is this villain *Songster*—I'll seek the *whistling minstrel* through my tents, and end the *puppy* and his *songs* together."

This metaphor is quite new: a whistling minstrel we once heard at Sadler's Wells, but a *singing* puppy is a rarity indeed. The dancing-dogs would find him a vast acquisition to their company.

The 8th scene of the second act is particularly interesting; but the language of the first in the third, compensates us for the total want of incident.

"A parent—that sweet *name*
Where Nature traces all her gentlest characters,
Even in the savage woods, how tenderly IT speaks."

Can this be nonsense? "No; Mr. T. Sheridan, and other great judges admired it, as an entire new species of blank verse."

In a few minutes after this an old gentleman enters and observes, that his old eyes are gazeless; "my tears," says he, "have fretted *out* my sight—and yet an instant before he had told his companion, that his

"Visage spoke a mind simple and harmless."

None are so blind as those who will not see.

The third scene of this said act is most admirably contrived. Kais here imitates Octavian: that is to say, Isaac Brandon, Esq. treats us with a fragment *after the manner of* Coleman—and to say truth, it is so very far *after*, that nothing ever so little resembled an original, except his morceaux *after the manner of Sterne.* In that little book he has introduced a number of dashes; and so far he resembles his Shandean predecessor—here he introduces a lover and a cave, and so far he resembles the author of the Mountaineers. Attend to the language, and judge—he will sit on *peaked* rocks

" With *famished solitude* all night to stare,
" And mutter hollow curses to the moon ! ! !"

Another peculiarity of the Egyptians we imagine: the inhabitants of other nations generally *staring* with their *eyes*, and not " with *famished solitude.*"

Mr. Brandon then introduces a *new* performer.

KAIS.

" Hark, they have track'd me (*Starts! A* GAZEL *appears on the bridge!*)"

Here we are informed in a note, that a *gazel* is a kind of antelope, and this little animal was literally intended to have made his appearance on the stage, Mr. Johnstone, the machinist, having manufactured him out of divers skins, rags, &c. when it was suggested, that the audience would not comprehend what such a thing was meant to represent; and as the prompter could not with propriety appear on the stage in the character of an *explanatory note*, Mr. *Gazel's* part was omitted in representation; this was a sad pity, because it deprived Mr. Braham of the opportunity of asking the following interesting question:

(KAIS TO THE GAZEL.)

" Affectionate fool! Why dost thou *brush* thy *fondling horns* against me, to ope the *springs of pity* in my heart." p. 41.

This is certainly a new way of *opening* the *springs* of *pity?* and we sincerely hope, that it will never become fashionable among other *horned cattle.*

In four or five pages, Mr. Brandon begins all his lines with capital letters; but surely " *Mr. T. Sheridan and other great judges*" have not persuaded him, that this alone is necessary to constitute blank verse, or that the word *sire* may be lengthened into *two* syllables: thus,

" The good old *sire* feels of all bereft." page 36.

But perhaps Mr. Brandon thought the want of a syl-

lable in this line was compensated by an additional number in two following; on each of which he has *liberally* bestowed no less than *twelve*.

The following *ballad* must have been enthusiastically admired by "*Mr. T. Sheridan and other great judges*:"

KAIS.

"This innocent flow'r that these rude clefts unfold,
"Is thou love, the joy of this earth;
"But the rock that it springs from so flinty and cold,
"Is thy *father* that gave thee *thy birth*."

After whose manner is this? or from whose natural history of Egypt did "*cunning little Isaac*" learn, that the natives of that country were *born*, not of their *mothers* but of their *fathers?*

If we were to notice all the inconsistencies and absurdities of this unique opera, we should not leave a page of our publication for more valuable subjects. We therefore leave Isaac Brandon, Esq. for the present, hoping that he will rest satisfied with the *boasted* commendation of "Mr. T. Sheridan and other great judges," who may have flattered his vanity to laugh at his folly.

An Inquiry into the Causes and Consequences of the Orders in Council, &c. By Alexander Baring, Esq. M.P. Printed for Richardson and Ridgeway.

Cui bono? is a natural question, when we hear any position hastily advanced, or stnrdily maintained; and, as Mr. Baring is anxious to prove, or rather to assert, that our present conduct is wrong, we would ask him, if an opposite line of conduct would *be right?* but this is a part of the subject, which he has either very carefully evaded, or seems *never* to have considered. This pamphlet is written in a kind of *persuasive*, not *argumentative* style; and by granting *some* points, which nobody

will contradict, very ingeniously begs our acquiescence in others, in a way which will be wonderfully taking with the shallow would-be politicians, who have just sense enough to look at *one* side of the question. The whole work is a species of political patchwork, and is so disjointed, as to have neither beginning, middle, nor end; we can therefore merely notice some of its unconnected paragraphs, for it defies all regular analysation.

In a most gloomy introduction, the writer begs that we may consider him as totally unbiassed by private interest! and then in his first page informs us, that when our commerce is banished from the continent, "great loss and embarrassment must ensue!"—this is a discovery that must *astonish* the good folks at Lloyd's—Let us hear him.

"But the remedy was not so apparent; for want of any satisfactory solution of the difficulty, *perhaps also from an inconsiderate disposition to involve in their common misfortunes, the only remaining branch of trade left uninjured,* a state of things, the *real cause* of which was sufficiently obvious, was ascribed by all to the intercourse of neutrals with the Continent of Europe; and the want of sale for their commodities was asserted to be the effect, not of the restrictions of the enemy, but of the competition of the Americans. This *delusive* opinion, &c."

From this we may suppose, that Mr. B. considers the stagnation of our commerce as arising *entirely* from the restrictions of the enemy; well, for a moment, be it so: but pray then, Mr. B. will not the orders in council counteract these *restrictions* of the enemy?

This *supposed* opinion, for it is not expressly stated, he seems inclined to support further, by "an official report to the American Congress," asserting, that the trade of America with the colonies of the enemy, was bona fide for their own account, and that the American exports to the West Indies, consisted of fifteen millions and a half of

dollars of their own produce, and of six millions and a half of foreign manufactures, making in the whole twenty-two millions annually, whilst their imports amount only to twenty millions of dollars! This a bold position; but it is a position for which no person, acquainted with the West Indies, will give one moment's credit to the American secretary of the treasury. It is impossible to bring papers to prove the error; but we fearlessly appeal to West Indian residents, and particularly to the officers of the navy, who are in the habit of visiting the American vessels, both *outward* and *homeward*, and who can judge of the difference between one cargo of saltfish and lumber, or a few starved horses, and another of rum, molasses, and sugar.

In page 77, speaking of the rule of war in 1756, which referred to neutrals to trade with the enemy's colonies in war, which they had not carried on in peace, he roundly asserts, that this was a new doctrine, and closes his observations in these words:

"If such cowardly injustice is to be one of our resources in these trying times, when elevation of sentiment and of national character are more than ever wanted, the means and strength of this powerful empire are indeed strangely misunderstood."

Yes, most certainly, all is injustice *on our part*; but hear, good reader, how prettily he vindicates a poor harmless gentleman on the other side of the water, in Page 117.

"If what has been stated be correct, that our orders in council are not justified by any previous provocation, they must be, evidently, acts of original aggression, and France has retaliated much in the same manner, and with the same right, as we should ourselves have done, had the Berlin decree been rigidly executed."

If—our orders in council are not justified! Why, good Mr. B., that is the very point in debate, a point that you

have not proved; and as to your *rigid execution* of the Berlin decree,—is not the *promulgation* of that decree sufficient, or must we wait for copies of the French condemnations, and merely follow them up *pro tanto?*

Yet it is most astonishing, that after all this long story of injustice, this writer completely overturns all his temporising arguments, by the following position in Page 119.

"Still, however, an American, who can take a just view of the state of Europe, and the true interests of his country, must feel extremely reluctant to be *forced* into a war with us, he must be aware, that the contest is really for our existence; that the conquest of this country, if not followed by that of his own, must irretrievably destroy that balance, on which his right to treat with the nations of Europe as with equals must depend. The decrees of the Lords of the Ocean may be unjust and oppressive, but they are still mild, when contrasted with the mere *sic volo*, which would issue from the court of the universal sovereign of both elements."

Yet with such a truth coming from his own pen, Mr. B. would persuade us to give up the only measures which can possibly enable us to attack *him* who has attacked our sovereignty, and which, at all events, will always be justified by *an acknowledged principle of the law of nations*: we mean the *principle of reciprocity;* a principle which is one of the fundamentals of the *jus gentium*, but which some of our *modern* civilians seem anxious to forget.

Mr. B. in several parts of his work, seems to lament, that a spirit of *national honor* is attended to more than of *national interest;* for our part *we* cannot separate the two ideas. To avoid a charge of misrepresentation, we shall give his own words:

"Every publication and every newspaper I have seen, with one exception" (in a note this is said to be the Morning Chronicle)

"have been impressing the public mind, not so much with calculations of interest, as insinuations that the country was at stake."

This of course must be a crying sin, in the eyes of the man who could write the following paragraph—page 128.

"For the question of our right to search merchant ships for our seamen, *provided a proper apology were made for the attack on the ships of war,* I believe few Americans would be disposed to go to war."

Here we have an assertion, "I believe," against the most positive declaration of the American president himself, who attempted, in the returned treaty, so to modify the article on search, as to make it ridiculous in the eyes of any man who had ever seen salt water; and we are told of an apology for the attack, when the circumstances which led to that attack were a flagrant infringement on the rights of hospitality (rights most certainly equally binding on *both* parties) and a studied insult to our flag, backed by assertions which the Americans themselves have at last tacitly acknowledged to be untrue.

We have not room to consider this article much further, but shall just call the attention of our readers to two of the notes to this curious performance, which, out of charity to the author, we must suppose have been foisted in by some officious person unauthorised to do so. The first is in page 59, and closes with this strange position:

"But it is now discovered, that we have lost by capture, and the Danes have consequently gained, as large a quantity of stores as we have taken away.

Bravo! this is something like the old story of the cow's tail, as a *witty orator* might observe in a certain place, the more you take from it the *higher* it grows.

The other is in page 122, and with that we shall close. He complains, that the author of War in Disguise has said,

"Had he not even the AUDACITY to remonstrate to his Majesty's government, against the freedom of our newspapers, and to demand that our press should be restrained?"

Now mark the observation:

"This contradiction sufficiently shews, with what a different temper, a country, like an individual, is the author or the object of abuse; and I must confess, *that I can see no injury*, but on the contrary much good, that might have resulted from a proper and constitutional attention to this AUDACIOUS remonstrance!!!

Review of the R—l Stranger, a tale; published by J. F. Hughes, Wigmore-street.

The R—l Stranger *vindicated!!!* "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes," said a Trojan sage, and so may we observe with respect to this work. It is an old saying, and not the worse for being an old one, "that there is more danger from one indiscreet friend, than from twenty open enemies;" now this certainly applies to the work before us, if really published as a vindication; but if we are to judge of it, by the samples from the same manufactory, we may fairly set it down as a further specimen of the art of book-making. As to its composition, whether it is blank verse or prose run mad, we will not pretend to say; but we have no doubt from the Pastoro, Gothico, Politico, Anecdotico, kind of style in which it is written, that the little misses will put it on the shelf, along with their Fairy Tales, Gesner's Rural Poems, and the death of Abel.

We have heard some authors praised as *easy* writers, and certainly this gentleman or lady, or rather this *non-descript*, is one of the *easiest* writers we have met with; as his work merely contains a few paragraphs, selected from the Morning Post, or some fashionable magazine, interspersed with flowers, breezes, serpents, allegories, and

dreams. Three times does the Heroine dream in a work of one hundred and fifty-eight short pages; but this perhaps is not so remarkable, as the poor *author* appears to be dreaming through the whole progress of it.

With respect to the high personage alluded to, though we should have respectfully perused an authorized vindication of that innocence we never doubted, we must say that this is a most indecorous infringement of the liberty of the press, and cannot fail to give a just offence to the individual whom it pretends to justify; this however, is perhaps of little consequence to the writer, or rather compiler, who may be fully satisfied *if it sells.* To analyse this tale would be needless, we shall just observe that *part* of it is true, being mere common-place occurrences from the journals of the day; as to the rest, "he may believe that will." As a *specimen*—in page 2, we are told that "Inistore" is one of the ancient names of Britain, for this our antiquaries must thank him, as they cannot possibly know it from Sammes, Camden, or even that famous *tale manufacturer* the *venerable Bede.*

In the 10th page, we have a touch at the sublime, for which according to Burke, *obscurity* is necessary. "Yet thought she perhaps ere that *mystic* rolling orb, *decrease* to its *first* scarce visible crescent." Pray good reader can you conjecture what that *mystic* orb is? you cannot? neither indeed should we, if we had not seen the stranger, "at her casement at times, watching the moon's pale form, which was *dimly* visible through the gathered mists." Bravo! what light the moon throws on the subject, *decreasing to her first crescent!* Oh, shade of St. Patrick! where art thou?

Not content with displaying his knowledge of astronomy in page 10, this *Vindication* informs us that there is *another* hemisphere, where the sun has ceased to shine, and where the "drowsy Deity spreads his slumbrous in-

fluence round." If the *drowsy Deity* is really gone there, he has no occasion to return to *this* hemisphere, as the R—l Vindication is sufficiently somniferous without his assistance!

Chapter the Third. Here, as Bayes says, "the plot thickens," *Herberta* and *Jersalina*, (what a cunning conjuror it is! Ingleby and Moritz are nothing to him) now appear on the stage, like two fiery dragons, breathing pestilence around. Now Mr. Vindication, this is all very fine; but pray must we pay five shillings for reading what we all knew before? Where "*in this world*," as *you* elegantly observe, can the people be found foolish enough to give five shillings for just one hundred and fifty-eight pages, with broad margins, large type, and double leads between the lines, and indeed, no scarcity of lead *in* the lines. But to return to the work. In page 60, we have this sage observation,

"But why do I think on *dreams*, which are at best but children of an *idle brain*, begot of nothing but vain phantasy."

Why, indeed, should you, Mr. Vindication, but that your idle brain can think on nothing else. In the succeeding pages, this *vindicator* proceeds to *embody* the foul reports, so long and maliciously hinted at, and by this proceeding he certainly has given a pointed publicity, to all those falsehoods and scandalous anecdotes, once so industriously spread. He ought to recollect that the *poison* is more easily *imbibed* than the antidote, and that, although five shillings may get him a bottle of wine, still that is no sufficient reason for setting the tongues of all the namby-pamby misses chattering at the pamphlet shop in every village that has got a well of *filthy water* in its vicinity. We would extract further, only that we wish not to assist in the dissemination of such trash.

According to this new mode of writing novels, we may

expect to see the press inundated with these crude parodies on the passing news of the day; and therefore, to assist authors in embryo, we will give them the following directions, taken from the new art of literary cookery.

Read (if you can) the Morning Post, Morning Chronicle, or any other *Mirror of Fashion*, pick your anecdotes, but leave the scandal adhering to them, shake them well together, take some character of rank from the Court Calendar, wrap him up in allegory, and lay him at the bottom of your dish, let him be sometimes buttered, or add a little acid as you like it, then cover him with your anecdotes, and lay them on thick, let the *devil* take him to the oven, and serve him up hot.

PROBATUM EST.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites!*—VIRGIL.
Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree?*—POPE.

1. The Battle of Trafalgar, a poem; to which is added a selection of fugitive pieces: by Laurence Halloran, D.D.

"Dr. Halloran's muse breathes a *spirit of animation not unworthy* of the great achievement which he has undertaken to celebrate; and the PLAN of the narration is WELL ARRANGED, being sufficiently minute to *interest*," &c.—"We are sorry that we *cannot speak* in terms equally *favourable* of Dr. H's lighter compositions."—Monthly Review.

"—The description of a ship on fire, has certainly *many eminent qualities*, of picturesque *poetry*. The Fugitive Pieces subjoined might afford us *various topics of commendation*, if we could allow ourselves to expatiate upon them."—British Critic.

"A very *interesting* poem MIGHT have been made on the subject, had the poet taken his station on board the Victory. SO FAR, however, has Dr. Halloran been from availing himself of this,

that he only gives a desultory view of the fight," &c.—"Thus much for the conduct of the poem, *neither* can we produce much more *favourable* specimens of the execution of it. Are such lines as these poetry?" [quotation.] "Of the execution of the Fugitive Pieces we *cannot say much.*"—Antijacobin Review.

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2. A Treatise on forming, improving, and managing, Country Residences; by John Loudon, Esq.

"We do not hesitate to declare that this work displays throughout a *vigorous and original* mind."—Antijacobin Review.

"Mr. Loudon is well known as a SCIENTIFIC man. He discovers *considerable experience* in his profession, and good-sense in many of his principles."—Eclectic Review.

"Though we would not detract from Mr. Loudon's real merit, we perceive (or seem to perceive) more *charlatanry* in its exhibition than is compatible with genuine SCIENCE."—Monthly Review.

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3. A Chemical Catechism for the Use of Young People, by S. Parkes.

"If a treatise entirely initiatory be required, then there can be no hesitation in saying that this Catechism is unequivocally the *most proper*, if not the *only*, work designed to introduce youth to a knowledge of chemical philosophy. Mr. Parkes, adopting the *impressive manner* of question and answer," &c.—"The notes not unfrequently discover too much *vagueness* and *want of precision* in expression."—Antijacobin Review.

"With respect to the catechetical form in which the author has chosen to exhibit his work, *certainly no objection can be made*, because it is *well known* that it is the *best mode* of conveying instruction. The notes are curious, useful, *philosophical*, elegant, and elucidatory."—European Magazine.

"This is a very comprehensive and entertaining work. Its characteristic form, that of a catechism, *adapts it peculiarly* for the purposes of regular tuition in schools and families."—Eclectic Review."

"The form of question and answer is *not*, in our opinion, *applicable* to those subjects which consist principally of matters of

fact; and we think that it is *still more objectionable* when, as in the present instance, the answers are intended to be committed to memory."—Monthly Review.

"It seems to us that an arrangement more methodical, simpler, and more divested of difficulties, would be *much better calculated* for the instruction of young persons than a compilation like the present; which is likely to *encumber* the young mind with the very imperfect outlines of various abstruse, and probably to him utterly unintelligible subjects."—British Critic.

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4. An Essay on the Theory of Money, and Principles of Commerce; by John Wheatley.

"This author seems not to be deficient either in *acuteness* or *ingenuity*."—Eclectic Review.

"Mr. Wheatley has displayed considerable PERSPICUITY, and *force of reasoning*."—Critical Review (Appendix).

"Mr. Wheatley has contrived to fill a quarto volume, chiefly by spinning out the scanty materals of his former work into new *paradoxes* and *repetitions*; by overloading his reasonings with a mass of *inapplicable details*; and by dwelling, even more copiously than before, on those doctrines which have been *already* so satisfactorily *explained*. His imagination appears to have been heated with the expectation of making discoveries; and he has unluckily discovered nothing but *obvious truths*, and *fallacious paradoxes*. The *extravagance* of his *conceits* is, however, in some degree disguised by the *perplexity* of his arguments, and by the OBSCURE and affected phraseology which he has adopted. Even in his most simple modes of expression, Mr. Wheatley's meaning is often sufficiently DARK; but when his terms are gathered into combinations, he reaches a higher climax of OBSCURITY and CONFUSION, and all traces of meaning disappear in a JARGON of incomprehensible phrases. We cannot help remarking also, that in the observations which he hazards on the merits of preceding writers, he is singularly unlucky; any has, in almost every instance, most perversely *misconceived* the meaning of his author."—Edinburgh Review.

5. All the Blocks, a Satirical Poem.

"This is a *very spirited* production: the author is evidently a satirist of *no vulgar cast*."—"We request him to continue the culture of that genius for strong and caustic satire, which he possesses in *a considerable degree*."—Critical Review, and Appendix.

"This *wretched poetaster*," &c.—Antijacobin Review.

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6. Future Punishments, &c. a Sermon; by Robert Winter.

"Wherever the greatest *ignorance* prevails, there predominates the greatest zeal. Mr. Winter, who is a *furious* methodist, insists," &c.—We are unwilling to enter into any controversy with him on this subject, because *nothing* CAN be said *decisive* upon it."—Critical Review.

"From the Scriptures Mr. Winter DEMONSTRATES, &c. "We feel our obligation to him for the *ability* and the zeal with which," &c.—Eclectic Review.

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7. Jewish Prophecy, &c. a Sermon preached at the Visitation holden at Danbury, &c. By Francis Stone.

Strictures on a Visitation Sermon preached at Danbury, &c.

A Letter to the Reverend Francis Stone, in Reply to his Sermon, by the Reverend Edward Nares.

"We think Mr. Stone deserving of *no small* share of *praise* for the *truly christian* frankness and intrepidity with which he announced his opinions."—"We are far from joining in that hue and cry of heresy, which a few ignorant and bigoted priests raised against this *worthy* minister."—Critical Review, and Appendix.

"Mr. Stone has expressed his opinions with *great clearness* and *force*. He has *well studied* his subject; and is a champion on the side of free inquiry, and *rational* christianity."—Monthly Review.

"If Mr. Stone wished to blazon his *apostacy*, the *low affront* of declaring it in the presence of the clergy was perfectly unnecessary; since the same press to which he has since resorted for the publication of his *disgusting* sentiments, was always equally open for the same *vile* purpose."—"So much for Mr. Stone and his *nonsense*."—British Critic.

8. Turf House, a Poem.

"Such poetry as the following defies the power of sober and serious criticism."—Universal Magazine.

"This writer displays virtuous sentiment, but as for *poetic skill*, he merits *no praise* from the critic."—Monthly Review.

"We can say but little for the *poetry*, which is *extremely defective* in ALL the essential *requisites* of *blank verse*."—British Critic.

"—This has inspired some benevolent and patriotic muse with above five hundred lines of *very respectable blank verse*; and we hope the beneficent muse that dictated them, will also take the means of giving them that publicity which the *poetry*, as well as the subject, *eminently deserves*."—Antijacobin Review.

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9. Remarks upon the Poor-bill, by one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Lincoln.

"This *excellent* little tract," &c.—Antijacobin Review.

"The author's remarks do *not* appear to us *at all relevant or just*, except in one instance."—Critical Review.

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10. Two Sermons preached in the Churches of St. Philip and St. Martin, Birmingham, by the Reverend John Eyton.

"The first of these sermons is a *plain* pious discourse."—Antijacobin Review.

"These sermons are a sort of *rhapsodical* tissue: the style is *defective* in *perspicuity* and precision."—Critical Review.

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11. Present State of the British Constitution, by Britannicus.

"In this work *much good sense*, and *much sound knowledge* of the English government, are exhibited."—Critical Review (Appendix).

"This pamphlet contains *just*, *important*, and for the most part *accurate*, observations, on a subject of the highest interest."—Monthly Review.

"It would be a *waste of time* and of our pages to occupy them with this work. It is erroneous to conclude, as Britannicus *stupidly* does," &c.—"Such *ridiculous effusions* are *beneath contempt*."—Antijacobin Review.

12. Lectures on Scripture Facts, by the Reverend William Bengo Collyer.

"We are happy to say that the tendency of this work will obtain the *animated approbation* of every evangelical* reader. The *most benevolent morality* is inculcated; and in the numerous pictures of the sorrows of good men which the subjects naturally furnished, the *true sources of consolation* are often adverted to in a *pleasing* manner." *Ingenuity* appears in many parts of the book."—Eclectic Review.

"This work contains *much* matter which to the generality of readers will be *novel, instructive,* and *amusing.*"—Oxford Review.

"Mr. Collyer's Lectures appear to have been laboriously compiled, and contain *a great deal* that is *instructive.*"—Monthly Magazine (Supplement).

"We give to these lectures our *most unqualified approbation*: their subjects are calculated to excite the *most serious attention*; their style is at once *correct,* ELEGANT, and *impressive*; their arguments *pious, learned,* and we think *conclusive.*"—European Magazine.

"These lectures are remarkable for NOTHING but *pompous inanity*. The diction is, in no small number of instances, disgraced by AFFECTATION and BAD TASTE."—Critical Review, and Appendix.

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13. An Essay on the Character, Immoral and Antichristian Tendency, of the stage. By John Styles.†

"We earnestly recommend this work, as exhibiting a subject

* We think it right, both for this and other occasions, to caution any of our readers who may not be aware of the circumstance, that this grossly-injured word *evangelical* is now blasphemously arrogated by the methodists as a part of their disgusting cant, to be applied *exclusively* to their own sect. These fanatics have now set up a Review (the Eclectic), as well as a Magazine, of their own.—SATIRIST.

† The title of the second edition, which is noticed by the Critical Review, is, "An Essay on the Character and Influence of the Stage, on Morals and Happiness."

of much practical importance, in a variety of convincing and *impressive* views."—Eclectic Review.*

"It is really very much to be regretted that Mr. Styles cannot occupy his time more profitably than by repeating the old trite and common-place declamations against the theatres, *without* interweaving even *a single* original observation that might entitle him to the *attention* of the public."—Critical Review.

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14. A Vindication of the Holy Scriptures, by George Nicholson.

"—An argumentive and *vigorous* address."—British Critic.

"With us, a writer's worthiness of intention is a plea which will always preserve any *weakness* in his *execution* from ungenerous severity of reproof."—Eclectic Review.

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15. Lectures on the Liturgy; by the Rev. Henry Draper, D.D.

"The *style of writing* and thinking which Dr. Draper pursues, is in general entitled to the solid praise of being *appropriate* to the subject, and *profitable* to the reader. We cordially recommend this *perspicuous, sensible,* EVANGELICAL exposition."—Eclectic Review.

"*The Reverend Henry Draper, D.D.* is one of those preachers who ascribe to themselves the exclusive title of EVANGELICAL. These gentlemen talk with great vehemence about certain doctrines," &c.—"It will immediately be concluded that this work contains *no small portion* of the *jargon of the conventicle.*"—Critical Review, and Appendix.

* To those of our readers who may happen to have access to the Number of the Eclectic Review from which this extract is made, (that published on the first day of April, 1807) we recommend a perusal of the whole critique, as a choice specimen of methodistical extravagance. Alas! alas! the *secret history* of the Methodists since the beginning of the fatal career of Whitfield and Wesley, would exhibit a melancholy proof whether the following passage from that critique may be applied with most truth and force to theatrical or to methodistical *exhibitions*: "Every visitor of them, at every season of his attendance, contributes to the support, encouragement, and sanction, of an institution which is necessarily *ruinous* to *public morals*; and has proved *fatal* to the *domestic peace*, and the *private welfare*, of *numberless individuals*."

THEATRES.

"*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*"—HORACE.

OPERA-HOUSE.

Il Furbo contra il Furbo, a comic opera by Fioravanti, is the only novelty that has appeared at this theatre since our last, the music of which is simple and beautiful. Catalani is certainly the most perfect comic actress that ever graced our Italian stage: to her, and to her alone, are the silly managers indebted for the few good houses they have had this season. The other performers, with the exception of Morelli (whose talents are waning fast), are beneath criticism. Madame Dussek improves in nothing but the *rotundity* of her person: she appears totally regardless of the public opinion; and even deems learning the words of her songs too great an exertion. Her voice is weak, her pronunciation wretched, and her action graceless. Neither does she pay that proper attention to the decoration of her person, which an indulgent audience, who have hitherto tolerated her other imperfections, have a right to expect. Nevertheless she appears (as has been said of another lady) to be more attentive to business *off* the stage than *on*.

On the 12th *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* was, in consequence of Catalani's indisposition, represented, instead of *La Didone*. We last year saw Naldi, Siboni, and Perini, in this charming opera, and were delighted; on the present occasion we were disgusted. Never was any thing more execrably performed; and had Madame Catalani's illness continued, the Opera-house must have been entirely deserted. It has been said that this lady's singing is not so highly esteemed by *the fashionable world* as it was last year. We know too well that *the fashionable world* is "a very fickle world indeed;" but why Madame Catalani's popularity should prove so *remarkably* short-lived we cannot imagine. Has she lost her voice? No.—Has she lost her powers of acting? No.—Have the English, happily, lost their predilection for foreigners? We fear not.—Is it necessary, to preserve her *reputation* as a *singer*, and insure the patronage of our *fashionable* dames, that she should forfeit her *reputation as a virtuous woman*?—We leave this question to be answered by *the fashionable world*.

Ma'amselle Presle, the pretty little dancer, has wonderfully increased in popularity and size: we understand that she wholly attributes the latter *augmentation* to "*English awkwardness!*"

DRURY-LANE.

So little novelty has appeared during the last month, that the task of the critic becomes very light; only two farces have *emerged* at either theatre. Indeed, during the Lent season, the evenings of performance are so much reduced, that *judicious* authors prefer waiting till the Easter Monday festivities give the people a taste for fun and joke, and then to launch the productions of their Muses with all the *eclat* of noisy approbation.

Such is the policy of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, a MAIDEN author, who makes his *debut* in a splendid pantomime. In our last number we profaned his name, by fearing that he could not *read*; he proves our falsehood—by *writing*—A BALLET OF ACTION!!!

What a delight must it be to the father of this *promising* young man, to find his own genius descending to his favourite child. Thomas emulates the talents of his sire; and upon Easter Monday, with the aid of Mr. Wroughton, the manager, Mr. Graham, the magistrate, and Mr. Johnson, the mechanist, he will shew the world what a pantomime is.

Caractacus—there you shall see *Caractacus*—melo-drame, tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, all blended. The elegance of the *School for Scandal*, the harmony of the *Duenna*, the wit of the *Rivals*, and the pageantry of *Pizarro*, all in Tom's pretty pantomime of *Caractacus*.

Mr. Kenny has a new comedy also forthcoming, in which Elliston and Mrs. Jordan have parts of consequence; and the veteran Cumberland has prepared a second edition of his *Jew* as an opera, with music by Braham, which is in preparation; it is called *Sheva in Mogudore*.

Of the trash which has been produced here since our last, we shall inform our readers thus:

That it was called *In and out of Tune*—that it was written by Mr. Cherry—composed by Mr. Corri—admired by Mr. Wroughton—condemned by the audience—and impudently repeated by force. The plot runs thus:—

Mr Dowton is an old lawyer, and has a most intolerable hatred towards music; his family are *music mad*; his daughter, Miss Lyon, has a friend from Scotland, staying with her, played by Miss Duncan, who is *music mad* too. A little boy, and a clerk of the lawyer's, Master West; and Mr. Gibbon, are equally devoted to the divine art; and a scene opens which discovers two adjoining rooms, through the walls of which the characters very coolly pass and repass, without the slightest emotion or difficulty.

Mr. Gibbon plays the fiddle; and when he has done, puts his fiddle into a desk; then the little boy copies out an affidavit for Mr. Dowton; and Mr. Johnstone, a serjeant in the guards, comes in, and by an *entirely new* stage-trick, slips a letter into a girl's hand behind the old man's back.

Mr. De Camp is an officer, and Mr. Wewitzer a Jew: when the *former* sees the *latter*, the *latter* sees the *former*, and the *latter* recognizing the *former*, the former sets off running, determined to remain the *former* as long as he can. Dowton joins in the chace; and when he is off the family *join* in a sestetto. The old man cannot catch the young one, because the young one runs so much faster (at least that is the reason he gives for returning, and it is possible it may be true); he proceeds to chastise the squalling family and *their instruments*; and the act finishes by the attorney's breaking a harp and a pianoforte, tearing two music books, and *whipping* Master West's *latter ends*"

The second act commences with a quartett between two elegant young ladies and *two watchmen*. After the conclusion of this vocal phenomenon, one of the ladies resolves to elope with Mr. De Camp. This incident is very amusing and "very new too."

Master West then enters with a red coat and a long tail; his father whips him again, and walks off: the old Jew then walks on, and makes love to Miss Duncan; she laughs at him, and he leaves the stage, observing, as he is departing, that as he has failed in the parlour, he will try what he can do in the kitchen, to which apartment, in the next scene, we are introduced.

There is the fire-place, and a fillet of veal roasting, all as "natural as life:" the Jew *really* comes to try what he can do; and Matthews, who plays a black servant, hearing him, thinks it his master, and, to hide himself, jumps into a copper, in hopes, he says, "as he goes in black, like a lobster, to come out red, like *one*."

The Jew kisses the maid, *i. e.* the woman servant; and she puts him into a cupboard, and runs away. He looks out, talks of the devil, and sees Matthews's black head rising out of the copper; he takes it for the old gentlemen *in propria persona*, and immediately tumbles down upon his face. The black comes to help him; he is terrified, jumps up, and runs away.

This, with a concluding scene and finale, is literally the plot of *In and out of Tune*; which, to the honour of the audience be it said, was fairly condemned; but which, to the disgrace of the managers be it added, they repeated four times, having regularly declared at the bottom of their bills, that it had been received with great applause, when it was actually hissed off every time it was represented.

But the most extraordinary circumstance respecting the piece is, that it is claimed by two authors. Mr. Lawler, "a gentleman from Ireland," declares that he wrote the farce of *In and out of Tune*; that he sent it to Mr. Graham, under the title of *The Musical Family*; that shortly after his outline was given to Mr. Cherry to fill up; and that Mr. Cherry has destroyed it. What Mr. Lawler's claims may be we know not; but with respect to Mr. Cherry's we shall only observe, that he has been particularly happy in destroying whatever outline there might have been: for never, perhaps, was seen so miserable an attempt at an afterpiece.

The music was pretty; and a sestetto and quartetto from Italian operas would perhaps have rescued the farce from condemnation, but the words of them were so contemptible, that even the composer could not assist the wretched author.

No other novelty has been pro-

duced, and Drury-lane has in general been very badly attended. The town are not to be drawn into a house to see the Belle's Stratagem, She Stoops to Conquer, or All in the Wrong; they are admirable plays, but they have been so frequently repeated, that unless novelty can be procured, the benches will remain uncovered, and the boxes unfilled.

Kais has been a very losing *speculation.**

Mr. Lee, a gentleman of fortune in Kent, had a comedy ready for performance at this theatre, of which the actors

"In any sort, made a fair report."

It was ordered to be copied for the performers, and the manager talked of its being read.

At this juncture, after the author's hopes were raised to the very summit of expectation, Mr. Thomas Sheridan arrived in town, and having read the piece, in a very laconic manner forbad its appearance—Mr. Lee, wounded in his feelings, with a becoming spirit disdained the idea of talking on such a subject, and sent his piece to Covent-garden, where it is to be performed next season.

The *Blind-Boy* was rejected at Drury-lane in a similar manner—What management!!!

Mathews has met with a very unpleasant accident; he is one of the best shots in England, and while firing at pigeons for a wager, his gun burst and shattered his hand dreadfully; he is in a fair way of recovery, and says, we understand, that he never was concerned with a *piece* that made so *much noise* and yet *went off* so badly.

COVENT-GARDEN.

At this theatre only *one* farce has been produced, the *Widow's Choice*, or *Who Wins?* which contains more the requisites for an entertaining after-piece, than we have lately been in the habit of witnessing.

The dialogue, like all Mr. Allingham's writing, is lively, spirited, and witty; very many happy conceits carry on the audience to the end of the farce, which is well contrived, ingeniously wound up, and admirably performed.

Fawcett, in the part of Extempore, was, as he always is, excellent; and a song, making a comparison between learning and leather, is not only clever as a poetical *jeu d'esprit*, but also as a musical composition. Indeed, the whole of the music is both scientific and pleasing, and does great credit to the genius of Mr. Condell, the composer.

Liston, as *Caper*, amused us particularly, and a scene where he displays his talent for dancing, kept the house in a roar.

Mrs. C. Kemble gave to the *Widow* all the importance the part admitted of; she has but little to do, when the greatness of her talents is considered, but that little she performed admirably.

Miss Norton has played Jane Shore since our last: we could wish she would keep to comedy, her *forte* is not tragedy, and though she went through the part without any where exciting our disapprobation; yet it wanted a consequence and weight which Miss Norton does not possess, and therefore could not give.

She is a very clever girl, and met with no small share of applause even in this character—her dying scene was very great.

Cooke has returned to the boards, and is attracting crowded houses—Sir Archy Macsarcasm, Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, Shylock, and Richard, have already brought several overflows, and certainly, if ever he was entitled to such marks of public approbation, his claims are not impaired, we never saw him play better.

The Travellers in Switzerland, a very tedious, tiresome, dull opera of the Rev. Bate Dudley's, has been revived—for the sake of Shield's music it is worth some trouble, but we could wish that he would compose for new pieces, for though the Woodman attracted a few good houses, this opera has no chance of doing the same; it is heavy beyond description, and the

* By persisting to force this ridulous opera upon the public, the proprietors of Drury-lane theatre are reported to have lost nearly two thousand pounds. Nor is this the *only* loss that this *novelty* has occasioned: The author has lost his reputation, and one evening, during its performance, one of the *mancamels* nearly lost his—*breeches*.

music does not display Mrs. Dickons' great talents to advantage.

Fawcett's song is the chief attraction.

A pantomime comic melo-drama is in rehearsal here for Easter, in opposition to that of Drury-lane. We have not heard whether it is the long-promised Castle of Valanza, by the Rev. Augustus Barry: we should hope it was, as the reports of that piece from several dramatic judges are very much in its favour.

The *Oratorios* have, as we predicted, been extremely well attended. *Braham's* opening of the MESSIAH was the finest achievement of musical excellence we ever heard, and Mrs. Dickons in "*Comfort ye my people*," displayed that depth of science and brilliancy of execution which she is universally allowed to possess, to the greatest advantage. Mr. Bellamy and Miss Bolton were also much and deservedly applauded, but we cannot admire Madame Dussek more when she *sings* sacred music, than when she performs in an Italian opera.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

LONDON.

An honest countryman, a few days ago, walking through Bond-street, was met by three of those coxcombs who, to the great annoyance of passengers, walk arm in arm, and fill up the pavement. One of these puppies took offence at the countryman's *slouched hat*, approached near to him, and thrusting his *quizzing glass* into his face, asked who was his *hatter?* The sturdy rustic immediately seized him by the nose, and dragging him a few paces, said, "I'll lead thee to him," much to the entertainment of the bystanders in general, and the mortification and disgrace of the coxcomb's companions, both of whom seemed to be apprehensive of being obliged to submit to the same means of information.

A tortoise-shell male cat, the only one ever known, was some days since sold by auction, to a *gentleman* in the neighbourhood of the Strand, for 23*l* !!!

Married.] At Hampstead, Richard Davenport, esq. of the Inner Temple, to Sophia, daughter of John Langley, esq.—Charles Lewis Phipps, esq. captain in the second dragoon guards, to Miss Sophia Hales, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Hales.

Wm. Rose, esq. of Colebrook Dale, Shropshire, to Miss Mary Simms, of Ludgate Hill.

Benjamin Gibson, esq. of Gosport, to Miss Walker, only daughter of Adam Walker, esq. late of Conduit-street.

John Weatherell, esq. of York, to Miss Peacock, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Peacock, rector of Hornby in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

Robert Sowerby, esq. to Miss Eliz. Ann Hartle, daughter of the late Colonel Hartle.

John Preston England, Esq. to Miss Mary Howell, of Worcester.

Major W. S. Plenderheath of the 100th regiment, to Mrs. Margaret Mactarish, widow of Simon Mactarish, esq. of Montreal.

P. Pestel, esq. of Hornsey, to Mrs. Godfrey, widow of John Godfrey.

Thos. Ferrers, esq. of Streatham, Surry, to Miss C. Slater, daughter of the rev. Mr. Slater, of Keynsham, Somerset.

Captain Bathurst of the Royal Navy to Miss M. Wood, of Manchester-street.

Died.] In Welbeck-street, Mrs. Peacock, wife of George Peacock, esq. and eldest daughter of the late Gen. Sir John Dalling.

At Shepperton, Mrs. Anne Horsley, sister to the late bishop of St. Asaph.

At the house of Patrick Colquhoun, esq. James-street, Buckingham-gate, Maria, the eldest daughter of Dr. P. M. Brody, late physician of the island of Tortola.

In Gloucester-street, Portman-sq., Lady Martin, relict of sir Henry Martin, late comptroller of the navy.

In Berners'-street, John Gordon Mackenzie, esq. surgeon in the Coldstream-guards, aged 30.

In Harley-street, in his 83d year, Thomas Edward Freeman, esq. of Baltesford, Gloucestershire.

At Ham Common, the hon. Esther Chetwynd, sister of the late and aunt to the present Viscount Chetwynd.

At Enfield-highway, Mrs. Roberts, wife of Mr. W. J. Roberts, proprietor of the telegraph and other coaches from the White-horse Inn, Fetter-lane, aged 26.

At Clapham, in his 64th year, Hen. L. Gardner, esq. many years an eminent bookseller in the Strand, and one of the court of assistants of the Stationers' Company.

In Judd-place, East, the only daughter of T. Coverdale, esq.

In Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, in his 60th year, Richard Westmacott, sen. esq.

Suddenly, Sir Giles Rooke, one of the justices of the court of Common-Pleas.

The rev. David Henry Durand, many years one of the ministers of the French church, Threadneedle-street, aged 77.

In Upper Conway-street, Fitzroy-square, Nathaniel Tanner, esq. formerly a commander in the East India company's service.

At Coleshill-house, Herts, Mrs. Gregg, wife of Thomas Gregg, esq. and daughter of the late Robert Hibbert, Esq. of Manchester.

In Lower Brook-street, Gerard Viscount Lake, a general in the army, colonel of the 80th foot, governor of Plymouth, and treasurer of the duchy of Cornwall. His lordship was a member of the court-martial on the trial of General Whitelocke, where he took a fever, which carried him off in a few days. In the course of a long military life, he greatly distinguished himself as an able and successful officer, on the Continent, in Ireland, and in India, from which he had but lately returned with an impaired constitution. For his meritorious conduct in that country, he was raised to the peerage, and a pension of 2000*l.* per annum has been assigned by government to his successor in the title, his eldest son Col. Francis Gerard Lake, of the first regiment of foot guards. His lordship has left another son, the Hon. Lieutenant-colonel George A. F. Lake, of the 29th foot, who, though very young, attended his father in all his campaigns in Ireland and India, and five daughters, two of whom are married.

At the house of his grandfather the duke of Buccleugh, in Whitehall, in his eleventh year, Lord Scott, son of the Earl of Dalkeith. This promising young nobleman sickened at Eton school of the measles, of which disease he died.

At West Ham, of which place he was vicar, the rev. George Gregory, D.D. His death will be followed by the poignant regret of all who were acquainted with the qualities of his heart, and the treasures of his mind. To his family it will prove an irreparable misfortune. The loss of such a husband, and such a father, is among the most afflicting evils of mortality. His life was spent in the pursuit and diffusion of all the various sciences which were immediately or remotely connected with the sacred profession to which he belonged. As a preacher he had long held a very distinguished rank; and few men have been so often called upon to plead the cause of charity, and charitable institutions, as himself. His writings will best exhibit the activity of his intellectual powers, and the extent of his attainments. The following are some of them: Translation of Bishop Lowth's Prælectiones de Sacra Poesi, &c.; Essays, historical and moral; the Economy of Nature; a Volume of Sermons; Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, published only last week; and a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences. He had also just finished a Series of Letters to his Son, on literature and composition, part of which are already printed. The Doctor, for several years, had been employed at times in preparing Notes to the Sacred Scriptures; his edition of which, splendidly embellished, has been some time in preparation by his friend, Mr. Philips. The materials and the design will, it is to be hoped, be assigned for completion to some able person.

In the 60th year of his age, that eccentric but truly worthy character, the rev. Joshua Larwood, rector of Swanton Morley, Norfolk, and many years chaplain on board the Britannia; author of Erratics, and several useful publications.

At his house in Park-lane, George Damer, Earl of Dorchester, Viscount and Baron Milton, of Milton Abbey, in Dorsetshire, also Baron Milton of

Shrone Hill, in Ireland, Lord Lieutenant of Dorsetshire. His lordship was in his 61st year, and was never married; his only sister, Lady Caroline Damer, always resided with him; his disorder was the gout, with which he had been severely afflicted for many years. This nobleman was a great favourite with their Majesties, who always honoured him with a visit during their residence at Weymouth. He is supposed to have died very rich, and is succeeded in his titles and estates, by his only brother, the Hon. Lionel Damer.

In the 92d year of his age, at his house in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, George Hill, esq. of Rowell, Northamptonshire, serjeant at law. He was universally respected, and considered, by the first characters of the age, as a man of the most profound legal knowledge and inflexible integrity.

At her house, in Grosvenor-square, Mrs. Allanson, of Studley, Yorkshire, aged 82, the only surviving daughter of the late W. Aislabie, esq. For the last twenty years of her life she enjoyed a very indifferent state of health, which she bore with great fortitude and resignation; the high estimation in which her character was deservedly held by all ranks and conditions in life, is far above all panegyric; her benevolence and liberality to the public in general, to the tenants, and poor in particular, was unbounded; and it may be truly said, that in her the world has lost one of the best of women.

At Gosmore, near Hitchin, the Rev. Thomas Dove, rector of Holewell, Bedfordshire, and of Kentford-cum-Gaysley, Suffolk, and one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Hertford.

At Gordon's hotel, after a few days illness, of a violent attack upon his lungs, much and justly regretted, Colonel William Fullarton, of Fullarton, who carried on the prosecution against Governor Picton. He was distinguished for all the social virtues, brilliant talents, and much accomplished mind, and his death must be lamented by every friend to his country, to justice, and to humanity.

In Upper Berkeley-street, the hon. Emma Cartwright, wife of William Ralph Cartwright, esq. of Aynho, Northamptonshire.

In Portland Place, Lady Sheridan.

BERKSHIRE.

Died.] At Lady Place, Hurley, in his 88th year, Gustavus Adolphus Kempenfeldt, esq. brother of the late admiral Kempenfeldt, who was lost in the Royal George at Spithead, in the year 1782. Though so far advanced in years, he retained his faculties and cheerful disposition till the day of his death. He was pious and beneficent, and largely contributed to most of the public charitable institutions, among which he has bequeathed by will upwards of 11,000*l.* The remainder of his property goes to his relation, Richard Troughton, esq. of the Custom-house.

At Hungerford, Thomas Rosier, an illiterate labouring man, who by the artful management of a reflecting mirror, and exhibiting various figures, obtained the appellation of a conjuror; and was frequently consulted by the superstitious and the ignorant to discover lost goods, and predict future events.

At Maidenhead, aged 78, Mr. Wm. Wickens. He was bred to the medical profession, which he practised with success in the early part of life; but he had long relinquished it for the enjoyment of competence, and the habits of useful and studious enquiry.

CHESHIRE.

Married.] At Chester, Mr. J. Dodd, druggist, to Miss Kirkham.

At Malpas, Mr. Wm. Beckett, of Moss Hall, near Northwich, to Miss Gardner, of Malpas Hall.

Died.] At Chester, aged 26, Lieut. Darby, of the 40th regiment of foot, son of Mrs. Darby, of Wilby, Suffolk. He recently served at Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, and had just left his regiment at Bandon, in Ireland, on leave of absence to see his friends. —Edward Williams, esq. late collector of the customs at Parkgate.

At Leftwich, near Northwich, Wm. Worthington, esq. banker and salt proprietor. His truly upright and unblemished character, his steady attachment to the cause of liberty, uninfluenced by the example of the corrupt, or the wavering of the timid, his inflexible integrity in commercial transactions, his exemplary conduct in every domestic relation, the cheerfulness of his disposition, and the benevolence of his heart, will long endear his memory not only to the circle of his friends, but to the whole

community of the neighbouring district; to the promotion of whose interest a large portion of his property, time, and talents, was devoted.

CORNWAL.

The *drapers* of Truro were thrown into a sad *pucker* a few days ago, by the sudden appearance of one of those *erratic planets* in the *retail system*, a hawker and pedlar. A grand confederacy was immediately formed to repel the daring invader, who, like another Buonaparte, thus presumed to break in upon the *settled order of things*; and, armed with pains and penalties, they boldly defied him to battle. The invader, nothing daunted, commenced his operations on that high festival of Mammon, *a market day*; but here he was defeated, and paid the *penalty* due for such temerity, as he did also for some *irregular movements* of his *cavalry*. The confederates now, much to their honour, in the moment of victory, offered to treat with the invader on the basis of the *status quo ante bellum*—to restore to him all that he had lost, upon the sole condition of his retreating from their territory. This he refused; and *entrenching* himself at the Seven Stars inn, issued *a proclamation*, with similar policy and success to those of his great prototype Buonaparte, when declaring himself *the only dispenser of good bargains*, he persuades the subjects of his enemies to join his standard. In the mean time the invader sent his spies into the enemies' camp, which it was soon discovered they had neglected to *fortify*, agreeably to the *laws* prescribed for that species of *civil war*, vulgarly called shop-keeping. To drop metaphor, some of them were detected in selling lace without license, and other irregularities, for which they have since paid the penalties; a drawn battle has been the consequence, and both parties continue to keep the field.

Married.] Mr. Henry John, captain and adjutant of the Truro volunteer infantry, to Miss Tonkin, of St. Agnes.

Died.] At St. Ives, Mrs. Sarah Grenfell, relict of Mr. John Grenfell, merchant, aged 83.

At Falmouth, Mrs. Fisher, sen. mother of Mr. Fisher, manager of the Falmouth theatre.

At Lower St. Columb, John Clements, a fisherman, aged 102.

At Truro, John Marshall, esq. formerly comptroller of the customs at that port.

CUMBERLAND and WESTMORLAND.

Married.] At Carlisle, Mr. R. Hetherton, printer and bookseller of Wigton, to Miss Bell.

Died.] At Latham, aged 53, Mr. James Standish. He was servant at Latham-house 30 years, 23 of which he was gamekeeper, and seven park-keeper. He was an excellent shot, particularly in killing deer; for out of 934 bucks which he killed in Latham park, he never missed shooting any in the head, except two.

At Bassenthwaite Hawes, Mr. Joseph Bell, distinguished for his skill in agriculture.

At Natland, near Kendal, Frances Inman, aged 102 years.

William H. Milbourne, esq. of Armathwaite Castle. Walking by the side of the river, near his own house, he unfortunately slipped in, and, no assistance being at hand, he was drowned.

DEVONSHIRE.

Married.] At Lamerton, near Tavistock, the rev. Mr. Price, rector of that place, to Miss Hawke.

Died.] At Ashburton, Henry John, eldest son of the rev. John Lane Kitson, vicar of that place.

At Plymouth, Captain Clarke, of the quarter-master-general's department in this district. His body was found in the mud below the Custom-house quay; and he appeared, when taken up, to have received a contusion on the temple, so that it is presumed he must have walked over the quay at low water. He was an American loyalist, formerly resident at Charlestown, where he had suffered much for his attachment to the British government.

At Kittery Court, near Dartmouth, aged 78, the rev. Thomas Fownes, B. D. uncle of J. Fownes Luttrell, esq. M. P. 53 years the exemplary and conscientious vicar of Brixham.

At Exeter, Mrs. Hatch, widow of the rev. Thomas Hatch, a dissenting minister. She was found dead in her room with her clothes much burned. It is supposed that her gown took fire late on the preceding night, and that the smoke suffocated her. Nothing in the apartment was consumed.

At Drewsteignton, the rev. Dr. Roberts, rector of that place.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Died.] At Cheltenham, Mrs. Christian Freeman, relict of Thomas F. esq. late speaker of the House of Assembly, Antigua.

At Bicknor Court, George Wyrhall, esq. It is imagined that grief for the loss of an amiable daughter, whom he survived but three weeks, hastened his dissolution.

At Gloucester, aged 94, Mrs. Sophia Bull, a maiden lady, deservedly held in the highest degree of respect and veneration. She was the last of a very ancient and honourable family. Her father, who was a field-officer in the reign of Charles II., went to Ireland, where he settled and died. Part of his family came over to Gloucester about 50 years since, and ever afterwards made it their residence.

HANTS.

At King's Worthy, Nicholas and E. Light, whose united ages amounted to 164 years. They had been married near 70 years, and were interred at the same time in one grave.

KENT.

A cartel was, a few weeks since, provided at Dover to convey Prince Esterhazy, Lady Edward Fitzgerald, and several persons belonging to Prince Stahremberg's suite to Calais; but it was known that *John Doe* and *Richard Roe* were in force surrounding all the inns, and blocking up all the avenues to the vessel, watching to lay caitiff hands on the fair Pamela, the supposed daughter of the Duke of Orleans, with whose children she was educated under the famous Madame de Genlis; Pamela, whom a great orator in this country wished to marry, but who gave her hand and heart to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, afterwards killed in a struggle to escape the officers of justice in Dublin, on the eve of the late Irish rebellion, that her safety became an object of the greatest anxiety. At last it was determined that she should risk taking ship in disguise. A sailor's jacket and trowsers, with a Belcher and bludgeon, being procured, she, the delicate and beautiful, assumed the gestures and deck-walk of one of the British bull dogs, now called by the French the tyrants of the seas. About two o'clock in the morning, when a tremendous hurricane sprung up, driving sleet, snow, and rain, like Hecate in a conflict of the elements, she determined to hazard the deadly touch of those foes to freedom, *John Doe* and *Co.* cheerfully resolving to run the risk of being entombed in a watery grave, rather than give herself up to the durance vile of a bailiff. No ordinary seaman, though tolerably able-bodied, she sallied forth, surrounded by three or four shipmates, as if they had all got their grog on board, reeling, and singing, and swaggering, and quarrelling, flourishing their bludgeons about so wantonly, that *John Doe* felt no desire to quit the corner he had taken to shelter him from the storm, or curiosity to come near them. The beautiful Pamela appeared to be already half seas over, and rolled on board with a most convulsive hiccup! But alas! on board she was in more danger than she had been on shore. The ship was liable to search at any moment, and it was impossible to guess when the Philistines might set on foot an inspection. Her ladyship seated herself in Prince Esterhazy's carriage, which was instantly stuffed full of trunks, dressing-cases, portmanteaus, and bundles. This was indeed a carriage full of baggage for a prince. At eight o'clock in the morning, the vessel being under way, *John Doe* and *Richard Roe* came on board with the custom-house officers, and searched most narrowly. They even opened the carriage, and tumbled about the packakes. Fortunately, Pamela sat on the further side, her hat over her face; and her blue jacket was mistaken for a bag full of state correspondence. They quitted the ship, and the ship quitted the shore; but it was not till it was some miles off, that Pamela quitted her hiding-place, fainting with terror and shivering with cold, having even forgotten a proper supply of flannel dickies. She limped to the cabin so stiffly and awkwardly, that the tars with a sly jeering look exclaimed; What a rum sailor! but she landed safely in France, which, land of despotism as it is, she, an enthusiast for freedom, preferred to any lock-up house either in Chancery-lane or Cary-street.

The following incription is to be seen on a tombstone in Maidstone church-yard: "Sacred to the memory of Mr. Robert Nethersale, who left issue a third wife and two children."

Married.] At Lewisham, Captain G. C. Coffin, of the royal artillery, nephew to Sir Isaac Coffin, to Miss Larkins, daughter of the late William Larkins, esq. of Blackheath.

At Rochester, the rev. Thos. Stanley, to Miss J. Manley, of Chatham.

At Maidstone, William Bath, esq. lieutenant in the Hertfordshire militia to Miss P. Power.

At Charlton, John Collins, esq. commander of the Travers East Indiaman, to Miss Jane Sheriff, daughter of J. L. Sheriff, esq. of Deptford.

At Ashford, Captain Macpherson of the 80th regiment, to Mrs. Scott

Died.] At Wingham, aged 89, Mr. Neville, formerly a surgeon of that place.

At Town Malling, Mr. Robert Crump, son of the rev. Mr. C. of Friendsted, and many years chairman of the quarter-sessions, for the western division of this county.

At Bexley, aged 70, the rev. William Green, vicar of that parish, and 38 years one of the masters of the royal military academy, Woolwich.

At Maidstone, aged 86, Mr. Homewood, the first person that set up a stage coach between that town and the metropolis.

At the Little Hermitage, Coombs Hill, near Stroud, Mrs. Day, wife of D. Day, esq.

At Rochester, Captain Templetown of the Chatham division of the royal marines.

In his 74th year, D. Beckett.

At Canterbury, aged 62, Mr. Wm. Lawrence, a self-taught printer and mechanic, whose ingenuity and industry were upwards of thirty years sedulously exerted in the arrangement and conduct of the Kentish Gazette. —In her 97th year, Mrs. S. Honoree.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Died.] At Grantham, the rev. Richard Palmer.

At Alford, Mr. Thomas Stephenson. He had lately retired from the farming business, and was going to the Methodist chapel, when he was suddenly taken ill in the street, and being led back to his own house, expired in a few minutes.

At Lincoln, aged 68, Mr. Samuel Trotter, brewer, one of the common-council of the city, and who served the office of sheriff in 1794. He had gone to his attorney's in his usual health and spirits to transact some business, and in the midst of conversation, was seized with an apoplexy, which instantly deprived him of speech and motion. He was conveyed home and died in the space of a few hours.

At Algarkirk, near Boston, in his 71st year, the rev. Basil Bury Berridge, rector and patron of Algakirk-cum-Fosdyke, and prebendary of Lafford or Sleaford in the church of Lincoln.

LANCASHIRE.

It is rather curious, that Cupid should take aim three different times from one stand, at three invalids; yet, though curious, it is nevertheless true, that there are three persons paying their addresses to three dulcineas at one house, in Oldham, who are in the following unfortunate situation; one has a wooden leg, one an iron one, and the third an excrescence upon his back, such as Richard the Third was remarkable for. Yet, in spite of the errors of Nature, or their untoward fate, it is believed they will bear off their *three Graces* in triumph. How wonderful the efforts even of invalids, when exerted under the banners of Cupid!

Died.] At Barfield Lodge, Pendleton, Mr. Edward Potter, son of the late Thomas Potter, esq. aged 29.

At Lancaster, in her 57th year, Mrs. Barwick, relict of Captain John Barwick.

At Ashton, near Wigan, Mrs. Birchall, wife of Mr. Birchall, of the Angel Inn.

At Liverpool, Mrs. Fawcett, relict of Robert Fawcett, esq formerly collector of excise for this port.—Mr. James Gordon, accountant He was one of the first members of the Liverpool Widows' Annuitant Society, and it is remarkable that he is the only one that has died since its commencement in the year 1800.

NORFOLK.

Died.] At Swaffham, Mrs. Jeffery, relict of the rev. W. Jeffery, vicar of Ludham and Potter Heigham.

At Southwood, Mrs Scott, sister to the rev. J. Emeris, of Louth, Lincolnshire, aged 69.

At Thetford, aged 81, Mr. John Harvey, one of the commonalty of that borough.—Charles, youngest son of the Rev. Joseph Wilkinson.

At Lynn, Mr. Carr, merchant, in his 58th year.

At Coltishall, Mrs. Osborn, wife of Mr. Henry Osborn, master of the free school at that place.

SHROPSHIRE.

Married.] At Chirch, near Oswestry, J. B. Hall, esq. of Kilmarnock, Scotland, to Miss Davies.

At Shrewsbury, Robert Jenkins, esq. of Chorlton Hill, to Miss Elizabeth Jenkins, second daughtor of the late Richard Jenkins, esq. of Bicton.

Died.] At Ludlow, Mrs. Sheppard, by whose death terminates the ancient name of the Sheppards of Middleton, in this county.

At Shrewsbury, M. Pierre François Pelletier, a native of Meaux in France, and a deacon of the congregation of the Oratory. He had resided in this town for the last fourteen years, and was deservedly esteemed for his amiable qualities, as well as for his abilities as a French master.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The following curious inscription is written over a door in a village in this county:—" Petticoats mended, children taught reading, writing, and dancing; grown up people taught to spin; roses distilled, and made into a proper resistance with water; also old shoes bought and sold."

Married.] At Bath, S. H. Lord, esq. to Miss Lucy Wightwick, daughter of S. Wightwick, esq.

At Bristol, Mr. W. Wise, of Keynsham, to Miss Hannah Hervey, daughter of John Hervey, esq. of the same place.

Died.] At Bath, the right honourable George Evelyn Boscawen, viscount Falmouth, in the 50th year of his age. His lordship was Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, Recorder of Penzance and Truro, and Colonel of the Cornwal Fencible Light Dragoons. He is succeeded in his honours and estates by his son, the honourable Edward Boscawen, now Lord Viscount Falmouth.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Married] At West Bromwich, Mr. Noah Collins of Wednesbury, to Miss Mary Hampson.

Died.] At West Bromwich, aged 64, Thomas Blakemore, esq.

In consequence of a fall from his horse, the reverend John Metcalfe, of Cannock.

SUFFOLK.

Married.] At Belton, the reverend George Weller Poley of Boxted Hall, to Miss Helen Sophia Fisher, eldest daughter of James F. esq. of Browston Hall.

At Framlingham, William Brown. esq. of Parham, to Miss Keer, daughter of G. B. Keer, esq.

Died.] At Rickinghall, Miss Sarah Maber, sister to the late Peter Maber, of Foxhall.

At Kennet End, aged 76, James Goldsmith, gent. formerly of London; and also Mrs. Challis his sister, who on the death of her brother, was immediately taken ill, and died a few days afterwards, aged 77.

Married.] At Petersham, Nathan Egerton Garrick, esq. lieutenant of his majesty's yeomen of the guards, to Emma Maria, only daughter of the late Charles Vaughan Blunt, esq.

Died.] At Croydon, aged 87, Michael Cope Hopton, esq.

SUSSEX.

Died.] At Ashfold Lodge, F. Matcham, a very promising youth, about twelve years of age, son of George Matcham, esq. and nephew to the immortal Nelson.

WALES.

On the 4th of March, there was a general meeting of the Methodists at Aberystwith, Cardiganshire, which they call an association; when the *jumping* and horrid *yells* and *screams*, made at the conclusion of the service, exceeded any thing of the kind ever witnessed before. No less than 1510 horses went through the tollgates; and it has been pretty accurately ascertained, that the whole number of persons assembled, amounted to 7500, though the *jumpers* are generally allowed to be on the decline, and the *Westley* Methodists on the increase. Be this as it may, to their honour be it spoken, that they collected and paid into the Aberystwith bank, upwards of 20*l.* for the relief of English prisoners in France.

Died.] At Plas Grono, near Wrexham, William Wilkinson, esq. He was a man of the most comprehensive, philosophic, and active mind, of the strictest integrity, and unabating perseverance, and faithful and steady in his friendships. In the earlier part of his life, he resided many years on the continent, where he was engaged in concerns of national importance and utility.

At Festiniog, in Merionethshire, a farmer, whose exploits in this world may fairly be said to have rendered him *immortal*. He lived to the age of *one hundred and five*, and had been thrice married. By his first wife he had *thirty* children; by his second *ten*, by

his third *four*; and by two concubines *seven*. His youngest son was 81 years younger than the eldest; and *eight hundred* persons decended from his body attended at his funeral!

WARWICKSHIRE.

Died.] At Hall End, near Henly in Arden, Mr. John Booth, eldest son of Mr. Booth, farmer. He was found lifeless in a stable near the house, with a dreadful wound in his head. It was at first supposed to have been an accident occasioned by a vicious horse then in the stable, but some suspicious circumstances appearing on the inquest, a verdict of wilful murder was given against William Booth, the brother of the deceased, who was accordingly committed to Warwick goal.

WILTSHIRE.

Married.] At Mere, Mr. Henry Collins, of Yeovil, Somerset, to Miss Mary Ann Mereweather, youngest daughter of John Mereweather, esq. of Mere Park.

Died.] At Devizes, Mrs. Clare, mother of John Clare, esq. one of the coroners for that county.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Married.] Theophilus Patterson, esq. of the royal marines, to Miss Cole, eldest daughter of Peter Cole, esq.

Died.] At Ripple, in her 20th year, Miss Mira Capper, of Houndsditch, London. She leaped out of the Birmingham and Bristol mail coach, the horses having run away with the carriage, and falling on her head, dislocated her neck, and expired on the spot.

YORKSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. Wildblood, of Huddersfield, to Mrs. Midgley, widow of Mr. Midgley, of Leeds, grocer. This alliance, take it for all in all, is *unique* in the annals of matrimony. The husband is not *less* than thirty years older than his wife; the courtship has not been of *less* than three weeks duration; and the degree of consanguinity in which the happy pair stand to each other, is not *less* than *father* and *daughter* (by marriage)

Died.] Aged 80, Mrs. O'Connor, mother of the late Colonel O'Connor, who so gloriously distinguished himself in his Majesty's service during the rebellion in Ireland, and who died of his wounds received at Martinique, in the year 1792. She was a pattern of exemplary piety and virtue, and is sincerely lamented by her numerous friends and relatives

IRELAND.

At Ennis, the rev. Dr. James Barret, Titular Dean of Killaloe, &c.—a character as near perfection as the lot of humanity admits of. For upwards of half a century, he continued to shew to the world what a clergyman ought to be, and how much real good a real lover of mankind may do in that station. Under his protecting influence, youth found an asylum from vice and wretchedness, and was trained up in the paths of virtue and of truth. The shivering mendicant was prepared to meet the severity of approaching winter through his bounty and his influence: and now, alas! the tears of the sons and daughters of affliction, bowed down with a double weight of anguish, embalm his sacred memory. Upon his decease, the shops were all closed, and business completely at a stand at Ennis, whilst the general gloom which sat on every countenance, more forcibly pourtrayed the character of departed worth, than volumes written on the subject could possibly convey. Dr. Barret was in the 86th year of his age, for forty-six years of which he was the faithful pastor of that parish. Though deeply conversant in the best stores of literature, innate modesty veiled the wide range of his acquisitions; for, humble and unassuming, he obtruded not his opinions with that air of authority to which their merit entitled them, but adorned justness of sentiment by delicacy of application. Some people imagined that the Dean was possessed of money; but those who thought so did not follow his steps into the mansions of misery and distress; if they had, their coffers would be like his—destitute of one single guinea! And—divine reflection!—their reward, like his, would be Heaven! Wednesday, his remains were conveyed to Dromcliffe for interment.

ERRATA in No. 6.

Page 9, line 10, for "*this*," read "*his*."
Page 73, line 4, for "*disjecta membri*," read *disjecti membra*."
Page 84, line 23, for "*we*," read "*be*."

A NEW DR(

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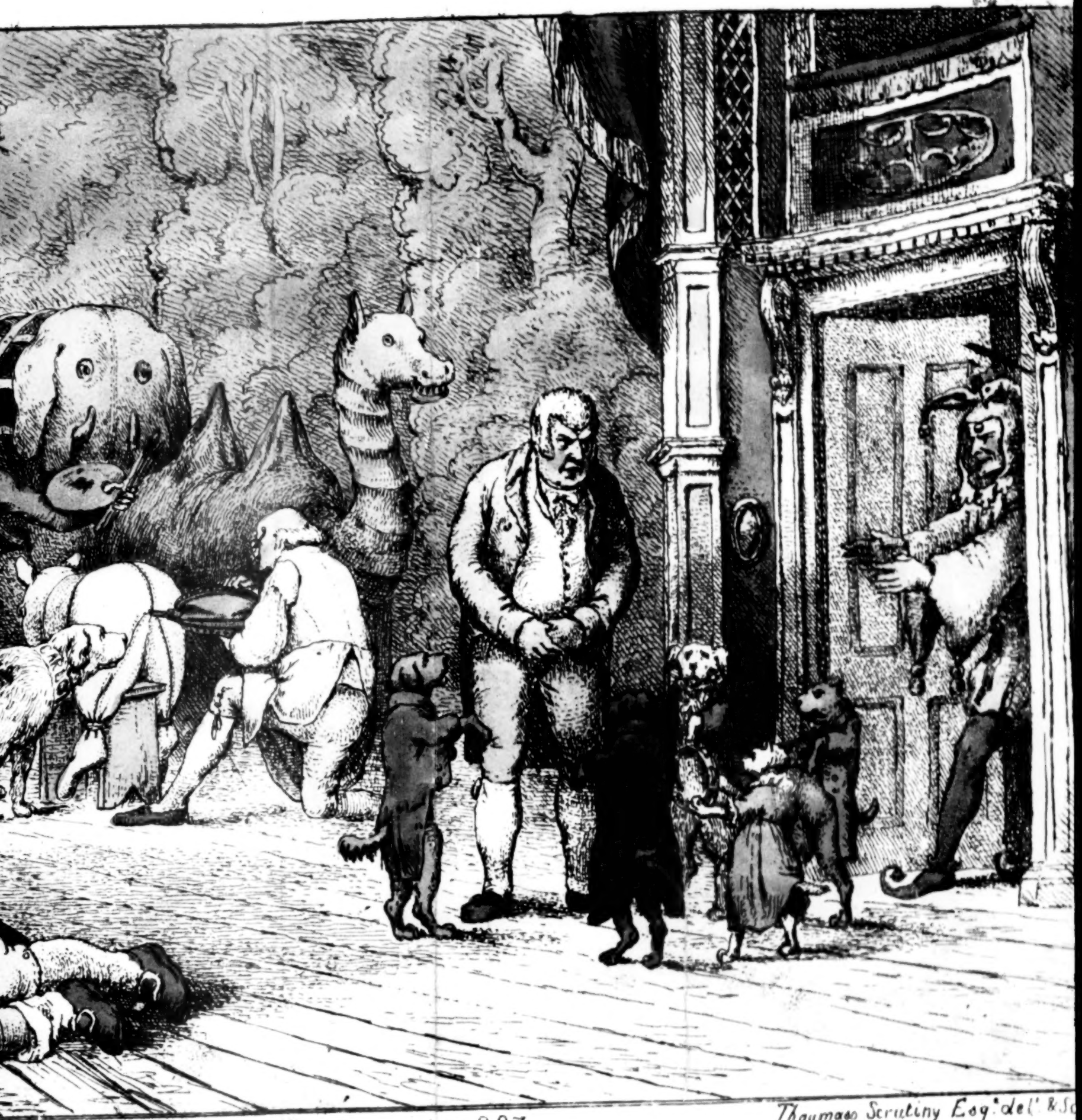

ROP Scene for D. L. T. vide page 227

Thaumaso Scrutiny Esq.ᵉ del.ᵗ & Sc

ᵉ 1808. by S. Tipper Leadenhall Street